THE CRUCIFIXION IN OUR STREET

GEORGE STEWART

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GEORGE STEWART

BY GEORGE STEWART

The Crucifixion in Our Street
Redemption: An Anthology of the Cross
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The CRUCIFIXION IN OUR STREET

By

GEORGE STEWART

Crux est signum
Quod est dignum
Conservare perditos
Crux est dies
Per quam quies
Redditur at timidos

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THE CRUCIFIXION IN OUR STREET
— A —
PRINTED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

To

DAVID R. PORTER

Senior Secretary
Of the
Young Men's Christian Association
in the Universities and Schools
of the United States,
who has incarnated in years of
faithful service the
"madness and the elevation"
of the Cross

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THE CRUCIFIXION IN OUR STREET

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I

Creative Suffering for a Frustrated World

The Lamb slain from the foundation of the world—Rev. 13:8.

When Franz Liszt was feeling the hand of time upon him he wrote a letter regarding the disposition of his meager personal effects: "I am writing this on the date of September 14, 1860, when the Church celebrates the elevation of the Holy Cross. The voice of this feast also expresses the ardent and mysterious emotion which like a sacred stigmata, has transpierced my entire life. Yes, Jesus Christ crucified, the madness and the elevation of the Cross, this was my true vocation."

It has been the madness and the elevation of the cross which has arrested the attention of the world and has made the crucifixion the most important contemporary event.

Every great movement has a symbol. A combination of three vivid colors made into a flag with white stars on a blue field was chosen to represent the aspiration of the American nation. The present régime in Russia floats a red banner to signify its protest against existing forms of society. The Near East Relief adopted a five pointed star to represent a sensitiveness to needs from every quarter. Many families long settled in a given locality have adopted some heraldic device to represent that peculiar bundle of sentiments and loyalties which is their distinguishing characteristic. It would be strange if Christianity did not have some symbol to express its genius. Such a symbol is found in the cross, which has become the badge of the Christian Church from the Nestorians of China to the Protestants of the West. In Christian music, architecture, and literature the cross is the major theme and occupies the highest place.

The cross looms behind the sunlit ways of Palestine, it is in the background of the joyous tumult at the wedding in Cana of Galilee, its shadow falls across Jesus in his works of healing, and stands in sharp outline in His arguments with the ecclesiastical and military authorities of His day. To those who feel the incongruity between His life of compassion and His cruel death, the question comes again and again—could not Jesus as well have died in splendid old age, as upon Calvary? What secrets are hidden in the cross and how does it avail for hard-pressed men and women? A study of the life of Jesus drives one to the conclusion that in His life, and especially in His death, He accomplished something which is available for us in the midst of a dangerous, savage, and frustrated world.

Many theories of the cross have emerged in different periods of Christian thought and experience.

For nearly a thousand years the church asserted that Jesus was given as a ransom to the devil. The enormity of sin had so impressed itself upon the minds of His followers that they easily believed that only a most worthy offering to the prince of evil could buy their souls from perdition.

The second theory which claimed the attention of the church was the satisfaction theory. By the law, "the wages of sin is death." If men broke the law they were worthy of death. Anselm argued that the grossness of sin demanded an infinite satisfaction to God if He were to release the sinner. His followers held that a satisfaction was due from man to God, but that man was not able to pay so great a debt. No one inferior to God could make adequate restitution, and for that reason God sent His Son into the world that He might pay the debt with His own body and sufferings and thus make satisfaction for the sins of men. This explanation proceeds upon the analogy of civil law and looks upon satisfaction due to God as a debt to be paid. The justice of God is such that He cannot suffer violation of His laws without an appropriate payment. Gradually an analogy to the criminal law grew up. From this point of view, the satisfaction due to God was not debt but punishment. Rather than have the penalty paid by men, Christ voluntarily took their place and endured upon the cross their punishment, undergoing a penal substitution. When guilty men accept this arrangement and claim it for their own, they are forgiven. This, in outline, is the satisfaction conception of the cross.

A third theory of the cross was set forth by Hugo Grotius (1583-1645) and may properly be termed the governmental theory. Grotius was a Dutch jurist and the founder of international law. Previous to 1617 a terrific controversy transpired in the Netherlands between the Calvinists, who held that Christ died only for a certain elect group, and the followers of Arminius, who held that Christ died for all. At the same time a formidable group had grown up within the church called the Socinians, who rebelled at the idea that the penalty due by one could be met by the sufferings of another.

Grotius replied to all three groups. To the Calvinists, who held that Jesus died for only an elect few, he rejoined by saying that He died for all. He relieved the embarrassment of the Arminians, who held that Christ died for all but were faced with the reality that not all were saved, by saying that God, like any earthly ruler, may forgive all who will receive pardon on such terms as He chooses to lay down, namely, faith and repentance. Grotius answered the Socinian objection, that it was unjust for the innocent to receive punishment for the guilty, by saying that the cross was not borne as a penalty for others but in order to vindicate the dignity of God's government by an appropriate sacrifice by One qualified to make it. For Grotius the necessity of the cross of Christ lies not in strict justice but it is inherent in keeping the sanctity of the divine government. Says Williston Walker: "Of all the theories of the Atonement, this is the most theatrical and least satisfying, for the message of the gospel is that in some true sense Christ dies not for general justice, but for *me*."

A fourth conception of the cross is the moral influence theory. This explanation represents Jesus as coming to teach, to heal, and to bless, knowing that He would be put to death in the midst of His beneficent work. He died to show us that the divine love stops at nothing—that love continues to the point of self-sacrifice. His winsome mode of life, His moral influence, is to beckon men onward to follow Him: His was the perfect example of suffering love. Those who hold this theory denounce the satisfaction theory as unethical, holding that it is manifestly dishonest to transmit guilt from the wrongdoer to some innocent party. Concerning the governmental theory, they hold that it does not reveal majesty or justice in a government to have the innocent suffer for the guilty. The moral influence theory has had many advocates but it does not explain those parts of the Scripture dealing with the cross. Something more than a martyr suffering or a spectacular exhibition of the divine mercy is revealed in the story of the Passion in the Four Gospels.

Another conception may be called the reconciliation theory, which satisfies both the conscience and the reason of those seeking an answer to the meaning of the cross.

The Scriptures represent Jesus, not as appeasing an angry God, but as reconciling unwilling and wayward men to God. "Be ye reconciled to God." "God was in Christ reconciling the world unto himself." "If, when we were enemies, we were reconciled to God by the death of His Son, much more, being reconciled we shall be saved by His life." The word "atonement" occurs but once in the New Testament. Everywhere else the word "reconcile" is used, a word which means the restoration of a personal intimate relationship which has been interrupted by wrongdoing.

All the illuminated spirits of the Bible teach that misunderstandings between God and men are cleared away the minute a man turns from his sins in sincerity and calls upon God. Ezekiel taught it when he cried out: "As I live, saith the Lord Jehovah, I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked; but that the wicked turn from his way and live." David exclaimed in penitence: "Thou desirest not sacrifice; else would I give it; thou delightest not in burnt offering. The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit; a broken and contrite heart!" And Samuel declared to the people of his generation: "Hath the Lord as great delight in burnt offerings and sacrifices as in obeying the voice of the Lord? Behold, to obey is better than sacrifice, and to hearken than the fat of rams!" Isaiah, Hosea, Micah, and Jeremiah, all echo the same note: "Though your sins be as scarlet they shall be as white as snow." "I desired mercy and not sacrifice." "Will the Lord be pleased with thousands of rams, or with ten thousands of rivers of oil?" "Obey my voice and I will be your God and ye shall be my people."

Jesus invited men to come directly to the Father, to repent and to ask forgiveness. According to Him they were forgiven not because some penalty had been paid, but because they came in penitence and faith. The publican prayed, "God be merciful to me, a sinner," and he went down justified. The thief on the cross prayed, "Lord, remember me when thou comest into thy kingdom." He had already said to his mate, "We are suffering justly for our deeds." Here is repentance, confession, and faith, the three things upon which Jesus insisted.

Jesus taught that divine forgiveness was like human forgiveness: "Forgive us as we forgive." If any man would come back from the far country of wrongdoing, or wrong thinking or feeling, and stand before the Father, saying, "I have sinned against Heaven and in thy sight," he would be forgiven. The forgiving love of God comes unpurchased. Of what use, therefore, was the cross?

The crucifixion was an event in history but it was also a revelation of a perpetual process in human life. The Bible speaks of "the Lamb slain before the foundation of the world," which is only an imaginative way of saying that God's love for man knows no beginning and no end.

The drama of redemption is seen daily in the lives of creative men and women. It is revealed in the attitude of Daniel Pegotty to Emily in *David Copperfield*, after the catastrophe which bowed both their heads in woe. The old man does not pass by on the other side of the road or withhold his affection. Without a moment of doubt or hesitation he extends the hand of unquestioning love and support. He was joined with his daughter in bearing her shame because of the bond of love between them and became sin for her. There is no blurring of moral judgment upon sin. Although Daniel Pegotty's love is not diminished by what has happened, it has now taken on a penitential quality. One could say that the sin was all Emily's, and that it is impossible for a father to be penitent for the sins of his child; and yet we know that that is just what happens. Just for Emily to see her old father entering into her suffering was enough to make her loathe sin and understand what love is. By his stripes she was healed.

One sees the drama of the cross in all those explorers in many fields who have enlarged the scope of cosmic knowledge. When Stanley set out to rescue Emin Pasha, who was lost in the Upper Soudan, he was forced to pass through a land unbelievably desolated by the Manyeuma raiders. He recorded of this desperate enterprise: "Then starvation commenced to claim its victims and to strew the track with the dying and the dead; and this quailed the stoutest hearts. Ever before us rose the same solemn and foodless forest, the same jungle to impede and thwart our progress with ooze, frequently a cubit deep, the soil often as treacherous as ice to the barefooted carrier, creek-beds strewn with sharp-edged oyster-shells, streams choked with snags, chilling mist and icy rain, thunder-clatter and sleepless nights, and a score of other horrors. To add to our desperate state, several of our followers who had not sickened lost heart, became mad with hunger and wild forebodings, tossed the baggage into the brush, and fled from us as from a pest. On the hundred and thirty-seventh day from Yambuya we reached the first native settlement. . . . Our prolonged fast was at an end, but during the last seventy days of it I had lost one hundred and eighty men through death and desertion." This is the price by which the frontiers of knowledge are extended and the lengths to which honor and courage will go in the rescue of unknown men.

Whenever one searches the lives and annals of those adventurous souls who have enlarged the scope of man's knowledge, one sees the red badge of courage and voluntary suffering in high endeavor. In 1906, when Robert E. Peary was struggling northward toward the Pole, he encountered one of the big leads in the ice with half a mile of black water running east and west as far as the eye could see, a condition which spelled death if the opening did not freeze or close. No wind arose to close it and the temperature remained too high to freeze. Sledges were used to make firewood for cooking the dogs to drive away starvation. Finally thin, treacherous rubber ice stretched to the opposite shore. "No time was lost," wrote Peary in his diary, "hurrying to the place where it was evident to us all that now was our chance or never. We put on snowshoes, with which each man could be supported for a moment or so in the same spot. . . . There was a cry from some one in the line, the words sprang from me of themselves: 'God help him, which one is it?' But I dared not take my eyes from the steady, even gliding of my snowshoes, and the fascination of the glassy swell at the toes of them. . . . During this march and part of the next we stumbled desperately southward through this frozen Hades, constantly falling and receiving uncomfortable bruises. My uncushioned stumps (where the toes had been frozen off) seemed to catch it especially, and it is no exaggeration to say that at our first camp my jaws were actually aching from the nervousness with which I had repeatedly ground my teeth together during the march." These are they who amplify the souls and minds of men by the intrepidity of their attack upon the hitherto unrevealed secrets of the world. Learning is bought with a price.

The cross has marked the life of humanity's emancipators. The blood of the martyrs has not only been the seed of the church but also of that ampler and more ethical social order which has captured the imagination of earth's best and most heroic dreamers.

In those bitter days when Wilberforce was working for the abolition of the slave trade in the British Empire he was seeking to place on the conscience of England the inferno through which the slaves were forced to go in the middle passage across the Atlantic. Small vessels of one hundred to one hundred and fifty tons were crowded with three hundred to six hundred slaves. These wretches were huddled so close that it was impossible for a man to step between them, and they were below deck for days. In fine weather they were taken on deck and forced to dance in their chains for exercise.

Wilberforce persisted in his efforts for these black chattels year after year in the British Parliament. In one fiery debate in the House he was attacked as a public nuisance. This great English reformer was going through the experience of the cross.

In 1833, when Lord Shaftesbury was working for the Ten-Hour Bill for the English factory worker, Wilberforce made an extended tour of Manchester, where he reported that he had visited "cellars, garrets, gin palaces, beer houses, brothels, gaming houses, and every sort of vice and violence." In his account he stated that "Over a large surface of the industrial community man has been regarded as an animal, and an animal not of the highest order; his loftiest faculties, when not prostrate, are perverted, and his lowest exclusively devoted to the manufacture of wealth." In his diary he records the next year: "The League are reviling me for doing nothing, at the moment I am being turned from my father's house for doing *too much.*" Later he was to drink to the dregs the bitter cup of misunderstanding in a righteous cause:

"The High Protection party conceives that my letter gives impulse to abolition, the very shadow of which is frightful to them; the Free Trader conceives that it will aid to qualify their scheme; the League hate me as an aristocrat, the landowner as a radical, the wealthy of all opinions as a mover of inconvenient principles. The Tradesmen loathe me as an ultra-Protestant; the Dissenters as a Churchman; the High Church think me abominably low; the Low Church as some degrees too high. I have no political party."

The annals of medicine are a vindication of the assertion that without the shedding of blood there shall be no remission of sin, or in this case disease. When the sleeping sickness was ravaging the country around Lake Victoria Nyanza in Equatorial Africa, the German Government sent out the distinguished investigator, Dr. Robert Koch, to whom preventive medicine owes many debts. He discovered the cause of sleeping sickness to be the tsetse fly, and that it was the blood of crocodiles which chiefly nourished this pestilential insect. He penetrated the jungles and built a hut upon an island in the lake, observing all possible sources of the deadly disease. Ants, flies, mosquitoes, snakes, lizards, and every sort of animal known to torment human flesh, swarmed over his floor and table and bed. He was forced to live for months on the scantiest native food. In the midst of his labors he wrote to a medical friend in Berlin: "The tsetse fly engages our attention less than their victims. What a wonderful privilege it is to be able to save human beings who are doomed to certain death." Before Koch made his investigation, sleeping sickness was incurable, but to-day many thousands of square miles of territory which had been abandoned are supporting large and healthy populations. The public health has been bought with a price.

Upon the burdened minds, shattered bodies, and wounded hearts of courageous men and women has been laid the cross. They are broken lights, the reflection of the perfection which was in Christ, the light which lighteth every man, and from their sufferings, as from His, the world is educated and shamed and stimulated to do His will. Teachers bring their broken health, fathers and mothers their privation and self-denial, children their sacrifice, statesmen their minds, soldiers their wounds, for the emancipation of the world.

Winifred A. Cook, contemplating the outpouring of life in the recent conflict, exclaimed:

Disfigured—? Nay, transfigured utterly,
Since every wound a sign is that in thee
God hath appeared;—bound thee, and set thee
free
Crowned with His blossoms, everlastingly!
—Blossoms wine-red and thorned, that tremblingly
Broke into flower, from a self-raised tree
Whereon thou laid'st thy body: yea, even as He
Who to the last suffered extremity
Of death and desolation,—unto thee
'Tis given to suffer thus, vicariously.

O, wounded one,—close to thy wounds we
press,
(Those outward signs of inward lovableness)
That we may heal us of our sore distress,
And therefrom learn thy way of nobleness.
—The swords that smote thee smite upon us,
too:—
Thy baptisms of fire have searched us through,
Wounding us where no visible eye can see,—
The counterpart of every wound in thee!

O! judge us not by outward perfectness
Of form unmarred,—unscarred. Most pitiless
Such judgment were. But for our loveliness

Give to our keeping thy life's brokenness;
'Tis ours,—divinely given,—to heal and bless,
And fashion out of human tenderness
A heaven thy soul shall dwell in; and for thee
A garden make of thy sad wilderness
Of broken hopes,—lost dreams; till roses bloom
Redder than wine, that else had decked a tomb.

This, then, is the "madness and the elevation of the Cross," this the true vocation of creative and redemptive lives.

II

What Is It the Cross Does?

For I am determined not to know anything among you, save Jesus Christ and him crucified.—I Cor. 2:2.

As one contemplates the exaltation of the cross in poetry, in architecture, and in the life of the spirit, questions arise regarding the mystery and the passion of the crucifixion. What is it the cross does for a human heart, for human society? Was it a blunder by a Roman governor, was it a regrettable incident such as occurs in every occupied area, was it because of an unlucky visit which Jesus made to Jerusalem, or is there hidden in it some purpose and meaning for those who wish to find?

Holman Hunt's picture of the young Jesus shows Him with His arms flung wide to the sunlight and with the shadow of the cross behind Him on the ground. Is love always shadowed by a cross, is unselfish purpose always born to suffer, is moral earnestness forever to be condemned to hatred? Are God's saints always to be burned? Is truth forever on the scaffold, wrong forever on the throne?

The cross reveals God's love. The austerity of God had long been known. He was the One who brought the children of Israel out of bondage, from beneath the stinging whips of the Egyptians, across the fertile plains of Goshen, through the Red Sea marches, and beyond the burning Arabian desert. The bones of the patriarchs had whitened every step of the long migration, but God was with them, austere and magisterial, leading them forward with a mighty hand and an outstretched arm. Austerity still appeals to many as the dominant note in religion. Thomas, in Barrie's *The Little Minister*, was this sort of man, harsh, unbending, faithful to duties, a subject of self-imposed iron discipline. This quality of God was known before Jesus revealed the reaches of His love on the cross.

The justice of God had been felt by many sensitive hearts. Amos and Hosea and Isaiah had thundered the faith to recurrent generations. "Let justice roll down as the rivers and righteousness as a mighty stream." But justice alone is not enough; it often leads to a grim Shylock attitude, crying for one's pound of flesh. An anonymous poet of the eighteenth century penned these lines in contemplation of justice and that which is over and beyond justice:

Justice doth call for vengeance on my sins,
    And threaten death as guerdon for the same;
Mercy to plead for pardon then begins,
    With saying, Christ hath undergone the shame.
Justice shows me an angry God offended,
    And mercy shows a Saviour crucified:
Justice says, I that sinned must be condemned;
    Mercy replies, Christ for my sins hath died.
Grim Justice threats with a vengeful rod:
Meek Mercy shows me an appeased God.
    Lord! though my sins make me for Justice fit,
    Through Christ—let Mercy triumph over it.

Men had felt God's justice as well as His austerity, but they longed for more than that.

Others had felt God's majesty. To Isaiah He was one who was high and lifted up, whose train filled the temple. He was the King of Glory, the Lord of Hosts, resplendent in beauty and in majesty. All men who work at night, who watch the constellations rise and pass in stately procession out of sight, who behold the rhythmic sequence of the seasons, are conscious of the majesty of God. But majesty could not satisfy the upturned hearts and faces of a degraded and beaten human family.

It was given to Jesus to reveal in its completeness the outreaching affection of God. The most arresting and fascinating characteristic of Jesus was His portrayal of the divine compassion. See Him at the wedding at Cana, scrutinize His treatment of the rich young ruler, examine His conversation with the Roman centurion. He showed it forth with Martha and Mary and Lazarus; He embodied it in His dealings with the tax gatherer Zacchæus, with the blind man Bartimæus, with the man with the withered hand. Supremely Jesus showed forth the love of God on the cross. In the Garden His friends had slumbered and slept, and though His finest feelings were trampled upon by their unresponsive conduct, later His whole being, His sympathetic heart and transcendent intellect, was outraged by the brutality and inhumanity of the wooden gibbet. The highest point of compassion reached in human history was the cry from the cross, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do!" Here we see in one pain-wracked form the incarnation of God's love.

But some will say, How does this differ from ordinary pain and suffering as a consequence of living in a turbulent world? It differs in three particulars: first, He suffered purely from a motive of love; secondly, He suffered voluntarily and not as a consequence of His own misdeeds; in the third place, He suffered for others. It was in this cosmic educational drama that He showed the suffering to God which violation of innocence always causes. Love was made understandable as a redeeming force.

Again, the cross brings the assurance of forgiveness of sin. It brings moral warrant for believing in the forgiveness of God. When we have caused some one to suffer because of our lack of response to their overtures of friendship, when we have cut some one to the heart with a sharp word or a failure to believe in him, we find that sin separates us from those whom we have wronged; and when we behold the pain and the suffering thus caused, everything in us that is good rushes out for reconciliation.

You will recall that in Hawthorne's *Scarlet Letter*, when Arthur Dimmesdale beheld the misery and the pain of Hester Prynne, his better self struggled with the coward within him to avow his guilt. Her patience in bearing the scarlet insignia in the presence of so many who were cruel in their judgments of her weakness, her uncomplaining care for the sprite-like child, her gentleness in the face of unmerited suffering, educated and shamed and tortured Arthur Dimmesdale into making his confession and putting himself right with his grim neighbors. By her suffering Hester Prynne revealed the possibilities and capacities of forgiveness to the self-righteous townsmen of her day.

When men look on Jesus' kindness on the cross to the thieves and to the crowd, they understand what forgiveness is. Stephen Phillips, in his *Christ in Hades*, pictures the hope of forgiveness which burns in men's hearts because of the forgiveness which Jesus showed forth on the cross:

Slowly all the dead,
The melancholy attraction of Jesus felt . . .
Unlucky captains listless armies led;
Poets with music frozen on their lips
Toward the pale Brilliance sighed: until at last
Antiquity, like evening gathering,
With mild and starry faces, gradually
Had stolen up. . . .

The dead caught in intolerable hope,
Hither and thither burning rushed, or fell
Imploring him to leave the cold; but
Christ came through them: leading irresistibly
Not western spirits alone: but all that world
Was up!"

This melancholy attraction of Jesus, which has streamed down from the cross powerful with forgiveness, has never ceased to fill the hearts of men with an *intolerable hope.* It continues to remain as the best warrant of God's forgiveness, God's chief opportunity to show His compassion to men.

Not only is the cross the best opportunity for God to show His forgiveness, but it is also the best opportunity for men to show their forgiveness. The cross is sooner or later beside the road which each one must travel. Wilberforce, the great emancipator of the slaves in the British Empire, cursed and socially ostracized by many as a "mover of inconvenient principles," suffered in the interest of black men, kidnapped in slave raids on the Ivory Coast and transported in chains under the most ghastly conditions to the plantations of the West Indies. He wrote in his diary of one particularly bitter debate: "Westmoreland bespattered me." The strife was long and bitter, but through the forgiveness which he showed in the long struggle he commended his cause and finally was the victor. After the final debate men who had anathematized him for thirty years crowded around him in the House of Commons to congratulate him. He won men by the sheer power of forgiveness, a power he was able to reveal only by allowing himself to be stretched upon the cross on which the Negro of his day was crucified.

When Stanley returned from finding Livingstone, after untold hardships from hunger and thirst, from treacherous tribesmen, and from the great tropical ulcers which afflict travelers in that section of the world, he did not find the acclaim which the world generally gives her great explorers and heroes. His dreams of happiness and acclaim at home for his almost superhuman endurance and achievements were shattered by innuendo and doubts expressed in high quarters. He was derided as a falsifier of facts, and the London journals jeered him for a would-be hero. The Royal Geographical Society refused to believe his story. It was a long and bitter ordeal, but through Stanley's forgiveness he revealed the temper of heart that should finally carry the Gospel to the heart of the Dark Continent. In the cross both God and men find the supreme opportunity to reveal forgiveness.

Again, the cross renews life. And when men ask of Christ, "How wilt thou lead with feet already pierced?" His life makes answer, by the persuasive appeal of dedicated and outpoured life.

Jesus leads men to newness of life by the power of example. Whenever weak or untrained men see what a perfect example can do, they heighten their own self-imposed standard of achievement. Whenever a Nurmi sets a new record, no runner the world around can ever be satisfied with less. Whenever an aviator accomplishes unheard-of exploits, all pilots are eager to equal them. Whenever in a fire department a man performs some deed of heroism, other men dream of an hour of crisis when they can rival the courage there displayed. Whenever in moral excellence a man stands out above his fellows and men see what can be done, they can never be as before. They must accept or reject him. Jesus showed what could be borne, what could be suffered, and this always renews and heightens life.

Great achievement renews responsiveness in the indifferent by shaming them into a saving sense of their own condition. By contact with the cross guilty men are made repentant, timid men made confident, weak men empowered.

Do you recall those lines by Joyce Kilmer, a soldier weighed down with fatigue in France—how in the contemplation of Christ's sufferings his own life and strength are renewed:

My shoulders ache beneath my pack
(Lie easier, Cross, upon His back).

I march with feet that burn and smart
(Tread, Holy Feet, upon my heart).

Men shout at me who may not speak
(They scourged Thy back and smote Thy cheek).

I may not lift a hand to clear
My eyes of salty drops that sear.

(When shall my fickle soul forget
Thy Agony of Bloody Sweat?)

My rifle hand is stiff and numb
(From Thy pierced palm red rivers come).

Lord, Thou didst suffer more for me
  Than all the hosts of land and sea.

So let me render back again
  This millionth of Thy gift. Amen.

What is it the cross does for men?

It reveals God's love, it is the assurance of His forgiveness, it renews life by the creative power of a boundless love.

III

The Tragedy of Love Refused

A certain maid beheld him as he sat by the fire, and earnestly looked upon him, and said, This man was also with him. And he denied him, saying, Woman, I know him not.—Luke 22: 56, 57.

Among the distinguished scholars of chemistry in Paris during the Reign of Terror was Lavoisier. The science of chemistry was just coming into being and he was working on various researches for the well-being of the French people. But the crowd in the commune threatened to guillotine this ardent seeker for truth, "having no need for chemists." Beethoven, out of the frustration and agony of his days in Vienna, when all friends forsook him and jealousies and hatreds made life a nightmare, put into music the results of life's discipline. But it was not at first received. The crowd remained cold and silent, having no need of musicians of Beethoven's type. Here at the close of Jesus' ministry, after He had lived with the little band and cared for them with His whole soul, they rejected His love, denied His friendship. They had no need of redeemers of His kind.

In the hour of His great tribulation they could not watch with Him one hour. Stupid sleepiness kept them from the honor of being with Christ in the time of His greatest need.

Lavoisier went through many shocks in his career, but none was as keen as the pain he felt when it was decided that what he had to give was not needed. That which he knew could save life and make the earth more productive was thrown aside as worthless. That hurt! Beethoven was foiled in many of his desires in life. Patrons forsook him; his nephew whom he loved as a son betrayed his trust; the public, the final arbiter for musicians, thrust his work aside, not having need of music of that sort. That hurt! Jesus had borne many disappointments. There was the rich young ruler whom He loved, but who was unable to muster enough courage to follow Him. There was Philip who wanted absolute proof, who wanted to see the Father face to face. There had been large circles of listeners, blind people who had been made to see, the deaf to hear, the lame to walk. There had been lepers cleansed. Where were they all now? Where were the Twelve? Where were Peter and John, Christ's two most intimate friends? Having no use for love like Christ's, they had fled, or were asleep, or cursed and swore they never knew Him. Here was a cross, even before Calvary! Here was a further lesson that this tortured Galilean brought to a generation which had exhausted its spiritual resources. Not only one's treasures, one's body, one's work, must be laid on the altar, but also one's feelings.

There are two attitudes which one may take in the face of wounded sensibilities and unappreciated affection. One may refuse to run the risk of a broken heart, one can protect oneself behind ramparts of exclusiveness or coldness; or one may let oneself care for people tremendously, give one's friendship generously, love deeply and sincerely. By this latter way come shocks, bruises, disappointments and betrayals; there will be the ache of love rejected and scorned, even trampled upon, or, worst of all, received and unappreciated. But sometimes it proves the only resource left to bring careless and hard and unthinking people to their senses. In one of the ups and downs of the intense friendship between Richard

Wagner and Franz Liszt, Wagner wrote to his friend in Weimar after a particularly glaring instance of unthoughtfulness, "Your pain has made me see the ugliness of what I did." Strong personalities can coerce more timid ones, attractive men and women can evoke admiration, but only those who care with their whole being can win others from pride and self-love. The strength of the early church which obtained the blessing at Pentecost and captured the Roman world was the response of men and women to that solicitation of Christ which stopped not even at love rejected, not even at having His most intimate association and confidences trampled in the dust, but having loved His own He loved them to the end.

Wherein do we have to-day our hearts' devotion refused, our best gift of all left untaken, unsought? Just where Jesus had His refused. For one instance:

In His cause. Did you ever consider how singularly Jesus was detached from His deeds and His teachings? It was always His cause which was His primary aim. His cause must succeed, regardless of consequences to Himself. When healed men and women adored Him He raised them up telling them to give glory to God. Jesus was more concerned about a cause which He represented than about Himself.

Cobden, struggling for reform in the British Parliament, found it easy to bear contempt for himself but difficult to suffer from the thrusts of those not interested in his cause. John Bright, who discovered the crying wrongs of the Irish, cared nothing for insults to his person, but was all but broken-hearted at a generation blind to the outrages in that unhappy island. Lord Shaftesbury, although he smarted under the onslaughts of his enemies in the House of Commons, cared only for the cause for which he attacked at its roots a whole social order in England based on unholy profits wrung from children of the mill and pit. These men assaulted head-on the whole fashionable philosophy of their day. They were fighting for children who worked from five in the morning until seven at night. In the poignancy of such a situation there was no room to care for self. One group of children was asked, "What means are taken to keep you at your work so long?" They replied: "There are three overlookers: there is one head overlooker; there is one man kept to grease the machines, and there is one kept on purpose to strap." The weariness and misery, the diseased and twisted limbs of these slaves of an unmerciful industrial system, captured the minds of these men and they fought for decades for better conditions, more pay, and shorter hours. The Factory Act, the Mines Act, were passed by men who paid the price in social reproach and bruised sensibilities from a society that had no use for their sort of mind and heart. But by their stripes and heartaches, written upon the statute books of England, thousands of women and children crept up to a more human standard of living. The best men of their times rose up to call these men "the advocates of a misplaced and perverted humanitarianism."

William Lloyd Garrison, working in Boston for the freedom of the slaves in America, was so poor that he had to sleep on his printer's table when he was bringing out the first issues of *The Liberator*. He was despised and rejected by all men; twice he was mobbed, once by the mayor and the best society of Boston. Such men care nothing for themselves, but they care tremendously for their cause.

These men identified themselves with the sins and the travail of their generation. Wilberforce, denouncing the slave trade in the British Empire, broke out in the House of Commons: "I mean not to accuse any one, but to take the shame upon myself in common with the whole Parliament of Great Britain for having this horrid trade to be carried on under our authority. We are all guilty."

Part of the charm and the power of Jesus lies in his identification of Himself with the sore places in life and His being willing to risk having His cause rejected and His motives impugned.

Those who led the fight for the Eighteenth Amendment in this country knew what it meant to stand out for a cause. Until recent years it took a great deal of courage to stand up and be counted among those who believed in prohibition. "Pussyfoot" Johnson was ridden on a rail in London and had one eye knocked out, not because he was breaking the law, but because he was holding a lawful meeting for a great cause. Nevertheless, he was soon speaking to crowded houses on Kingsway. There was no malice or bitterness in him for the harm he had suffered; the cause swallowed all that up. But lines of mental torture, because his cause was rejected before it was really known, had settled on his face. Before the incident, to the British populace he was one more demagogue ranting about an unpopular cause. Afterward people crowded to see and hear a man who was magnanimous in disfigurement, who cared nothing for personal abuse. His suffering was his best resource; it illuminated his cause, it dignified his purpose, it revealed the reaches of his disinterested affection.

Again, there is rejection of oneself. The ability to keep oneself under is one of the finest graces of life. The egotistical, expansive, acquisitive elements so often appear through our work and conversation, even in work which is exquisitely done. On March 9, 1832, when Paganini gave his first concert in the Grand Hall of the Opera, Liszt went to hear him and reported that in spite of his prodigious technic something essential was lacking in him, the faculty of dying to himself so as to give himself to others. It was just this subtle and tremendous virtue that Jesus had—men could deny Him and spurn Him, and he could still lift Himself above the personal loss and use it to draw men's hearts to his cause. In the end love rejected was His strongest ally.

When one studies the lives of any of mankind's servants and liberators one is struck by the fact that at some time to nearly all of them has come that black moment of despair, when their affection, offered in hope and trust and utter friendship in behalf of some great idea, has been trampled underfoot. Mazzini said in the day of his isolation: "Say not the language we speak is different. Acts, tears, and martyrdoms are a language common to all men and which all can understand." The language of Jesus in the Garden is a tongue which all who have suffered from rejection can understand.

Jesus faced not only the rejection of the goodwill which He sent out in behalf of His cause, but also the casting out of Himself. That human and personal Jesus as well as the august Messiah was deemed unwanted. The person who sat by the door at Bethany in the cool of the evening and watched the blue smoke of wood fires curl up around the Temple; the Jesus who trudged the roads of Galilee and made wine at weddings and merriment for children, that part of Him most like our human selves was despised of men and considered of no value, and He who was made perfect through suffering felt the iron enter His soul. The depths of human loneliness and humiliation He touched in risking the rejection of His own personality.

Amos Wilder, one of our best American war poets, wrote in comment of this aspect of Jesus' life:

> Therefore that One
> Who most was man, shrank from the shame
> Of *any* lot *less shameful* than another's,
> Fearing the ignominy of a name
> Less ignominious than some human brother's.
> That none
> Might claim before Him to know well
> The tranced tortures of some deeper hell,
> Or cast reproachful glances from a *fiercer* cross,
> Asking in vain for faith in some more hopeless loss,
> And hope for some more desperate enterprise,
> And love for some more utter sacrifice.

There was that about Jesus which caused Him to go down the painful steps of human misery and partake of every bitter cup which is pressed to human lips.

George Fox, the provocative and incorrigible founder of the Society of Friends, knew the pain of being refused by many of his closest friends and moved out in power to speak his mind face to face with Oliver Cromwell, or to sleep in

American swamps amid hungry timber wolves. His courage and dedication in the face of rejected affection stand out on nearly every page of his *Journal*. When Parliament passed a new Conventicle Act against the Quakers in 1670, he left his bride at Bristol and pushed on to Greenchurch Street in London, where he heard a new persecution was to break out, that he might be taken first. When the mob at Ulverston threw him to the ground half-dead, he marched back to the town undismayed. When the Cambridge undergraduates mobbed him through their narrow streets, and threw his companion from his horse, they gathered around Fox and could only cry: "He shines, he glisters!" Between 1649 and 1675 George Fox suffered eight imprisonments, where the jailers beat him with their keys and he slept on the stone floor of a noisome dungeon without straw or blanket. When asked by Cromwell's army to take command of some troops as their officer, he replied that he "lived in the virtue of that life and power that took away the occasion of all wars." In the agony of lonely dedications renewed at every stage and in the midst of constant rejections of affection, he went on to found through tears and heartache the Society of Friends, which has exemplified to large sections of the world, especially since the War, the finest witness to the power and winsomeness of love of any Christian body.

There are varying distances which Christian men and women will go in the process of redemption. Some will lend their influence; and this is a good thing in itself, for an influence is one of our most precious possessions. Others will give their treasure. Every dollar represents somewhere the sweat of blood of people, and as such should it be spent. The cause of missions and of relief the world around needs money, and we should be thankful for that. Some will defend the cause of Christ when it comes to battle or to debate. The history of the church is replete with men who have stood before tribunals to defend the faith. There was Jan Hus at Constance, Pitti at Rome, Savonarola at Florence, and Luther at Worms; there were John Knox, and Zwingli, and Melanchthon, and the Wesleys. The church has hardly ever lacked men of courage who would risk life and reputation for her good name and for the faith as portrayed in the Gospels.

But Jesus did something more than give influence or treasure or even to risk life and reputation, He gave His heart. He gave His sensibilities. He risked His feelings before brutal and insincere men. He bore the cross of love, rejected even before the cross on Calvary.

In Charles Rann Kennedy's drama of the Crucifixion, *The Terrible Meek*, the Captain of the Guard is talking with Mary the Mother of Jesus.

"I am a soldier. I have been helping to build kingdoms for over twenty years. I have never known any other trade. Soldiery, bloodshed, murder: that's my business. My hands are crimson with it. That's what empire means. . . . I tell you, woman, this dead son of yours, disfigured, shamed, spat upon, has built a kingdom this day that can never die. The living glory of him rules it. The earth is *his* and he made it. He and his brothers have been molding and making it through long ages: they are the only ones who ever really did possess it: not the proud: not the idle, not the wealthy, not the vaunting empires of the world. Something has happened up here on this hill to-day to shake all our kingdoms of blood and fear to dust. The earth is his, the earth is theirs, and they made it. The meek, the terrible meek, the fierce agonizing meek, are about to enter into their inheritance."

Then Mary, timid and sorrow-stricken, raises her head and says: "Then it was not all wasted. It was the truth, that night. I have borne a Man."

When the fateful day was over the world sat down to contemplate the gaunt figure on the cross, a figure which has captivated the minds of artists and poets and lovers of their kind in every generation. Those who have had eyes to see and ears to hear saw not only the agony on the wood, but the lonely period which preceded it. One of the severest blows which Jesus had to suffer undoubtedly was the fact that hours before in the Garden He was crucified in spirit by having Himself, His individuality, all that bundle of impulses and affections which were most truly Himself, refused and unwanted.

Those who live up close to the heart of the world will be no strangers to this experience of love refused and unappreciated. They will know the poignancy of seeing their cause trampled upon and themselves rejected, but out of the agony of soul will come that divine persuasiveness of pain which, more potent than any other force, constrains human hearts to give their devotion.

IV

Crucifixion by Spiritual Dullness

You repudiated the Holy and Just One; the boon you asked was a murderer, and you killed the pioneer of Life.—Acts 3:14, 15 (Moffatt).

There is a legend that a warrior of ancient Gaul, on being told for the first time of the crucifixion of Christ, clanged his sword and exclaimed: "Would that I had been there to defend Him!"

But that defence is not as easy as it first appears, for Jesus was slain by subtle influences in His world, which kill men and women and children to-day.

The crucifixion cannot be laid primarily to soldiers and the military establishment, although their hands have often been red with the blood of slaughtered peoples along the paths of empire. Neither was it the work of a frenzied mob, although the crowd figured in the procedure of His death. There was no small group of zealots, no nihilists sworn to avenge themselves on Him as a representative of the oppressing classes, a scion of the parasitic rich, or of an irresponsible ruling class. Jesus was crucified by enemies more subtle than any that the Gallic chieftain could put to flight with mace and sword. He was killed by insensitivity, by ingratitude, and by indifference.

Examine the place of *insensitiveness* in His crucifixion.

Of all the refined forms of suffering which man and wife can inflict upon each other, or with which friends can freeze up the streams of kindness and hospitality, sheer dullness of appreciation is the worst. Never to have one understand what you would be at your best, is no mean burden. Jesus was crucified by that, long before He reached the cross. His brothers and sisters and village playmates began the process, and it was an unrepentent thief on the cross who gave the last bitter jibe.

Jesus was crucified in soul because men refused to know *Who He was.* They failed to see in Him God's self-identification with humanity. They did not comprehend that He was God made flesh, they could not see the fullness of the Godhead bodily in the face of Jesus Christ, they had no eyes to recognize the glory of the only begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth. Only a handful saw that He was the Son of God—Peter, some disciples, a Roman infantry officer, and a few others. It took insight to see that God was leaving a personality like Jesus as a free agent in the midst of a dangerous world, leaving Him to work out His life amid conflicting interests, leaving Him to attract and hold what men He could in the desperate competition of conflicting loyalties. Here was a drama which could be seen only by those with spiritual discernment. Jesus came to a dull and insensitive world and by demonstrating His very best He could persuade only a few dozen to believe. "You believe in God, believe also in me," He once said to a group. It is easy to be simply a theist, to believe in a God who can be left undefined, or defined in a thousand elusive phrases, but Jesus said: "You believe in God, believe also in me," a definite, concrete personality. But few discovered in this sun-burned itinerant teacher, this man whose ideas turned the world upside down, the Prince of Israel who should cleanse and redeem His people.

Again, they failed not only to see Who He was but also to see *what He was trying to do.* They could not understand that He was trying to bring men into friendship with God. If the birth and life, death and resurrection of Jesus mean anything, they mean that God is constantly seeking the fellowship of humanity. To mankind, bruised, frustrated, falling and rising again, deserting its tested truths and apostate to its hard-won faith, restless for spiritual peace and easily satisfied with the flesh pots of crass materialism, idealistic and sodden, to this paradoxical race, this renegade from God, comes Jesus Christ seeking and saving that which is lost or overlooked or forgotten. He is indeed the Hound of Heaven, of Whom Francis Thompson wrote:

  Now of that long pursuit
  Comes on at hand the bruit;
That Voice is round me like a bursting sea;
  "And is thy earth so marred,
  Shattered in shard on shard?
Lo, all things fly thee, for thou fliest Me!
  Strange, piteous, futile thing!
Wherefore should any set thee love apart?
Seeing none but I makes much of naught" (He
    said),
"And human love needs human meriting:
    How hast thou merited—
Of all man's clotted clay the dingiest clot?
    Alack, thou knowest not

How little worthy of any love thou art!
Whom wilt thou find to love ignoble thee,
        Save Me, save only Me?
All which I took from thee I did but take,
        Not for thy harms,
But just that thou mightst seek it in My arms.
        All which thy child's mistake
Fancies as lost, I have stored for thee at home:
        Rise, clasp My hand, and come!"

    Halts by me that footfall:
    Is my gloom, after all,
Shade of His hand, outstretched caressingly?
    "Ah, fondest, blindest, weakest,
    I am He Whom thou seekest!
Thou dravest love from thee, who dravest Me."

Jesus came to identify Himself, the fullness of the Godhead bodily, with men in all the moods of human fellowship. In blinding joy and childhood happiness on the hills of Galilee, in festivals and country weddings, in the evening talking with Lazarus and Mary and Martha as the long shadows crept across the deep valley of Kedron, through busy days of travel in villages lined with the maimed and the halt, here was the Heavenly Messenger, speaking and teaching and dramatizing a love which sometimes tortured in its persistence. Where life's nettle bit deepest, there He was. The suffering have always felt a kinship with Him. Persecuted sons of Armenia, whose fathers' bones are food for jackals on the long death's road of 1915 which led from Van to the Euphrates, feel close to Him in the fellowship of His pain. Soldiers suffering for a cause beyond their power fully to attain did not think themselves alone in the mud and dirt and shell-fire. Martyrs to labor and freedom of speech and opinion, languishing by the score in American jails, have felt the sacramental touch of His isolation and loneliness. The long catalog of volunteers for humanity stand hat in hand before Him. He is indeed the first-born among many brethren. Jesus did not stop in revealing the beauty and the dignity of God, but pushed forward to show what God was like under fire, how love behaves under sustained provocation, under persistent misrepresentation, under false accusation, under unjust and illegal condemnation. Wherever life is focused in soreness and pain, His feet have passed. Whenever a bitter cup is pressed to a trembling lip, He has tasted of it to the full.

Even Judas was not insensitive as to Who He was or what He was trying to do. Don Marquis, in his play *The Dark Hours*, points out that Judas saw plainly who Jesus was and His purpose. "When He first . . . looked at me . . . the world was different and I was different from myself. Aye! He betrayed me! What else? These many weeks, yea, these months past. He has persecuted me and driven me! He has persecuted me with His knowledge of my dreams and speculations. His eyes are a thousand cohorts, and I am encompassed about!" Accuse Judas of cowardice and treachery, but amid it all he did know Who Jesus was and what He was trying to do. He was of all the group the one whom it was easiest for Jesus to forgive. It was insensitivity that hurt more than the treachery of a weak man.

How different the response of that Elizabethan poet, John Donne, who wrote in contemplation of the eucharist:

He was the Word that spake it,
He tooke the bread and brake it,
And what that Word dide make it,
I doe beleeve and take it.

In the second place, it was *ingratitude* that crucified Jesus, ingratitude for His personality and ingratitude for His cause.

You may recall that poignant scene in A. S. M. Hutchinson's famous novel, *If Winter Comes*, where the devoted and self-sacrificing Mark Sabre husbands his time in order that he may come home for a half-holiday to delight his wife Mabel with the unexpected pleasure of companionship. On his return he encounters only a frosty displeasure, an interrogation as to why he has returned from work at such an unusual hour. There is no understanding, no appreciation of this thoughtfulness, no gratitude for his eagerness to enrich the life of their home, nothing but cruel, unbending rigidity, the weapon which falls hardest upon those who are eager to save and to serve. Jesus experienced this spiritual dullness,—for that is what ingratitude is,—at every step of the way.

Jesus was compelled to win His friends as other men commend themselves. He had to walk and eat and teach as a mortal among mortals. The grace that redeemed the woman of Samaria, the compassion that healed Bartimæus and re-established Zacchæus, the outgoing strength which restored the withered hand, these were not enough; His personality had also gone forth to be rejected by the vast majority of those whom He served. Did He not heal ten lepers, and only one returned to give thanks?

His cause was also spurned, a much harder thing. His new way of overcoming evil by good, of wiping out hatred by love, seemed of no value to his generation. Ungrateful men accepted the best of His personality, of His ideas, of His healing power, and gave no word of thanks in return. He was compelled to see the ideas He cared for, more than life itself, taken and tossed about and thrown aside as visionary. A cause is always worth more than human life. That is why revolutionists are willing to die in the explosion of a bomb by which they hope to rid the world of a despot; why doctors will die of inoculation to observe the behavior of an injected disease. It is the reason why men go to war, why Christ went to the cross. And to see one's cause defamed or jeopardized is hardest of all. That was the exquisite torture which ingratitude brought to Jesus. Not only Jesus, as it appears from the records, but even God must have had some anxious moments during that last week, trying to discern whether or not there would be even a semblance of His cause left after the storm.

Then, as now, ingratitude helped to nail Jesus to the cross.

In the third place, *indifference* crucified Jesus. Do you recall in John Masefield's descriptive poem, *Good Friday*, the casual meeting of Herod and Pilate after the crucifixion? There was no great worry—no great joy. Herod simply asks:

> By the by, what happened to the man?
> I sent him back to you; a rumor ran
> That he was crucified.

And Pilate replies briefly, "He was." Here was the true Antichrist, the subtlest and greatest danger, this unconscious conspiracy of silence, indifference.

The greatest calamity that could have come to Jesus was not the cross, or death, or suffering; it was to be completely ignored. After the French Revolution, when a flood of antireligious feeling spread westward like an infection, many felt that religion was in its darkest hours. Religious people were forced to bring forth their strongest arguments for faith against the onslaught of atheism following too close a union between church and state in France. A generation since, when Robert Ingersoll and other atheists were among the most popular orators of the day, our fathers were deluged with a sense of religious impotence and many believed religion was dying. In Russia to-day, after nine years of unprecedented persecution, many feel that the Church of Christ is fighting a losing battle. But Christ has never lost in opposition; His Church has never been defeated by persecution, or fire, or wholesale massacre. *Indifference* is the subtlest and deadliest enemy of them all.

Do you recall those lines of Studdert-Kennedy, a Chaplain-to-the-Forces of Great Britain, on indifference?

When Jesus came to Golgotha they hanged Him
    on a tree,
They drove great nails through hands and feet,
    and made a Calvary;
They crowned Him with a crown of thorns, red
    were His wounds and deep,
For those were crude and cruel days, and human
    flesh was cheap.

When Jesus came to Birmingham they simply
    passed Him by,
They never hurt a hair of Him, they only let
    Him die;
For men had grown more tender, and they would
    not give Him pain,

They only just passed down the street, and left
Him in the rain.
Still Jesus cried, "Forgive them, for they know
not what they do,"
And still it rained the winter rain that drenched
Him through and through;
The crowds went home and left the streets without a soul to see,
And Jesus crouched against a wall and cried for
Calvary.

The cross is the mute appeal of God to insensitiveness and ingratitude and indifference. Pilate's wife, the two Marys, an army officer, and a few scattered and distracted disciples saw and appreciated what He did—enough, just enough, to save Jesus and His cause from total oblivion.

Not long ago a distinguished educator was addressing the seminary for training Jewish rabbis in New York City. Upon conclusion the young men crowded around him, one of whom asked: "If you were building an ideal Christian church would you put a cross on it?" And my friend thought a moment about the insensitiveness, the ingratitude, and the indifference of men, and replied: "Yes, I would, and unless you young gentlemen find something in your religion to take the place of it, your religion will be sterile."

V

The Comradeship of Pain

That I may know him . . . and the fellowship of his sufferings.—Phil. 4: 10.

In the pogroms of Russian Jews in the 1890's, numbers of presumably dull Russian peasants changed their religion and became Hebrews because of the mute but resistless appeal of these slaughtered multitudes. In Poland, where Jews are hated more intensely than in any other country in the world, a Polish nobleman contemplating the cross on which the Jews of Poland were being stretched by unjust legislation, social ostracism and unfair discrimination in art and literature and commerce, was drawn irresistibly to them and became a Jew. Wherever suffering is endured in a noble cause there is an attraction which finds response in even the hardest natures.

Have you ever stopped to consider the sheer fascination of danger and of pain? From way back beyond the dim veil which hides known history from that which is not known, men have enlisted in one another's sufferings. Sometimes they have embarked on a raid into a neighboring country as hired mercenary troops. At other times, touched with religious fever, they have joined crusades to wrest the Holy Places from the Saracen. Again, as in the late war, men in neutral countries who had no reason to go to war flocked to enlist in France's Foreign Legion to undergo nameless hardships and horrors, to fight in a cause in which there was no compulsion.

One is aware of the captivating power of what Franz Liszt called "the madness and the exaltation of the Cross" in Henry Vaughan's lines ascribed to the suffering Christ:

> How did the weight
> Of all our sinnes,
> And death unite
> To wrench and rack thy blessed limbes!
> How pale and bloudie
> Lookt thy body!
> How bruised and broke
> With every stroke!
> How meek and patient was thy spirit!
> How didst thou cry,
> And grone on high,
> "Father, forgive,
> And let them live!

I dye to make my foes inherit."
O blessed Lamb!
That took'st my sinne,
That took'st my shame,
How shall thy dust thy praises sing?
I would I were
One hearty teare!
One constant spring!
Then would I bring
Thee two small mites, and be at strife
Which would most vie,
My heart or eye,
Teaching my years
In smiles and tears
To weep, to sing, thy death, my life.

Jesus has always made his strongest appeal in the midst of His sufferings, which every dramatist with an eye to the main facts in His life has discovered. From Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John, to John Masefield and Don Marquis, they have seen clearly the fact that Jesus "reigns from the wood." Don Marquis, closely following the Bible account, gives a picture of the urge to enter the fellowship of His sufferings which came to two men on that fateful day, in his play *The Dark Hours*. The first thief had said: "If thou be the Christ, save thyself and us!" And the second thief replied: "Dost thou not fear God, seeing thou art in the same condemnation?"

The first thief, groaning: "Let him save us, let him save us, then!"

Second thief: "We receive the due reward of our deeds, thou and I, but this man hath done nothing amiss . . . Lord! Remember me when thou comest into thy kingdom!"

Then spoke Jesus: "To-day shalt thou . . . be with me in Paradise."

The second confession of faith came when Jesus had said, "It is finished," and with a loud cry of triumph, "Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit!"

Whereupon the Roman captain in charge of the execution detail uttered his belief in Jesus: "Truly this *was* the Son of God."

Jesus discovered that in the midst of his catastrophic agony and pain, the sharpest, clearest lessons could be taught about the entail of sin and the power of love. Wherever men have yielded to the charm and appeal of Jesus they have felt called almost irresistibly to enter into the fellowship of His anguish.

Consider three fields in which we can unite with Jesus in the fellowship of His sufferings.

In the first place, there is the widespread field of *misunderstanding*. Jesus seemed to escape total oblivion by a narrow margin. If He had gone to neighboring states, if He had escaped one or two clashes with the authorities, He might have died in old age, a respected and venerable man, soon forgotten in the turbulent life of the first century, instead of dying in action as an incorrigible radical. He might have been wholly misunderstood, His profoundly revolutionary way of life might have been viewed as the hope of a mere visionary and a kindly tolerance have failed to make Him an issue on which humanity, generation after generation, must vote.

As it was, He was grievously misunderstood. He would not have been deserted in the Garden, to sweat great drops of blood alone in His soul's travail, if His friends could have understood that in the struggles of those few short hours was focused the conflict between mere justice and forgiveness, between love and hate, between revenge and compassion, an anguish of the gravest consequence to the whole of human history. Others of God's great had faced just this crisis and had dodged it by various devices. Gautama Buddha saw rampant evil and decided that the best way out of the turmoil was not to stop it or absorb it in voluntary suffering, but to get out of it in death, which should be a dreamless sleep. Socrates faced it and knew no answer save that of a gentle tolerance which bears evil but does not eradicate it. Zeus and the Stoics never attempted to meet the problem. Their sour grapes philosophy could not transcend the doctrine of "grin and bear it" or "if the house smokes get out of it."

Jesus saw the issue and determined to risk mind and heart, and His whole cause, on the chance that the world would see the cost of malice, hate, and any sort of wrongdoing, and the limitless outreach of a love that knows no measure. His great risk was that He would be misunderstood, that people would not see that He suffered willingly in the hope that they would be stopped and attracted into the fellowship of His sufferings.

Bosanquet, the great French philosopher of the nineteenth century, saw clearly the possibility of an entire misunderstanding of Jesus' suffering:

> When it was said, "Father, forgive them for they know not what they do," it was not meant

that they did not know they were killing a man. It meant . . . that they were not *alive to some much greater issue*, implied in the whole situation, on which they were fatally wrong; some quality of the connected facts which constituted a breach of an obligation, a blasphemy against a good, which belonged to them as men, but to which they were blind.

Misunderstanding is one of the heaviest crosses any of us will ever have to bear. To have done one's best and then to have the effort misunderstood or interpreted as something base or ignoble or petty is a severe trial to good-will. And yet there are situations on every one's hands where persuasion or letters or any statements are wholly worthless, and we can only bear and wait, and have others bear and wait upon us.

The biographer of Baxter, author of *The Saint's Everlasting Rest*, remarks that: "On one occasion he was the object of a slander too gross for credence by any decent person. It was started by a sot, ran around the alehouses, and 'soon all the drunkards had got it in their mouths.' In self-defense he appealed to the magistrate, who pledged them to their good behavior and forced the sot to confess that 'he spake it in jest.' But the point of interest is that the Rabble were glad of the occasion to feed their malice."

There is always a rabble willing to feed their malice. One of the peculiarities about religion is its sensitiveness to malicious slander and to ridicule. One always feels affronted when the secret of inner spiritual life is dragged out as material for jokes or even ordinary casual talk. It is as incongruous as having a loud speaker magnify a child's feeble prayer. How it must have cut and flayed Christ as they crushed a crown of thorns on His head in mockery, for after all He was King of the Jews! How it must have trampled on His heart when He was robed in purple and had a reed placed in His hand! That sort of misunderstanding of what one is representing of supreme values is almost harder than physical pain. "It meant," as Bosanquet said, "that they were not *alive to some greater issue*."

One who has fellowship with Jesus will not be alone in the sleepless night when he is weighed down with the almost intolerable burden of misunderstanding.

In the second place, regard fellowship with Him in *damaged hopes*. In moments of great humiliation or great sorrow, a word from some person means a measureless support because of his experience. One of the singular attributes of Jesus is that no one ever resented His participation in damaged hopes, because of the realization that in a sense He had paid the full price. It is easy to take Him in, for He has gone along every thorny path. Saints and radical labor union groups feel the same comradeship with Him. Do you recall Sarah Cleghorn's lines?

Ah, let no local Him refuse,
  Comrade Jesus has paid his dues.
Whoever else may be debarred,
  Comrade Jesus has His red card.

Sir William Robertson Nicoll, the distinguished British man of letters, wrote to his friend, the Reverend William McRobbie, who had just lost his wife: "I know you will pardon me for speaking so frankly: I have been through it all, and nobody knows what it is but those who have been through it. As Richard Baxter said when his wife died, 'I will not be judged by any that never felt the like.' " The reason why Christ never seems a stranger to any in need is because he has "felt the like." Those who have entered the fellowship of His sufferings possess these same qualities of understanding and compassion. They go down into the valley of damaged hopes with all disappointed people who eat their bread with tears and bitterness.

An English minister who had entered his parish with high hopes of success soon found his fairest hopes smashed and blackened. He recounted: "The town having been formerly eminent for vanity, had a yearly show in which they brought forth the painted giants, and such like foolery, to walk about the streets with, and though I said nothing against them, as being simply evil, yet on every one of these days of riot, the rabble of the more vicious sort had still some spleen to vent against me, as part of their game." He was entering into the fellowship of damaged hopes with Jesus.

Do you recall the picture of infinite pathos where Jesus is gazing across the valley of the Kedron from the Mount of Olives and weeps over the city: "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that stonest the prophets and killest them which are sent unto thee, how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathers her chickens under her wings, and ye would not." All who face damaged hopes find a fellowship with Him. Shelley remarks in his *Prometheus Unbound:*

To suffer woes which hope thinks infinite;
To forgive wrongs darker than death or night;
   To defy power, which seems omnipotent;
To love, and bear; to hope till Hope creates
From its own wreck the thing it contemplates;
   Neither to change, nor falter, nor repent;
This, like thy glory, Titan, is to be
Good, great and joyous, beautiful and free;
This is alone Life, Joy, Empire, and Victory!

In the third place, take not only the fellowship with Jesus in misunderstanding and in damaged hopes, but also in *shattered life.* When Sir Ronald Ross, an Indian army physician, was investigating the causes of malaria, he discovered that the germ was carried by the anopheles mosquito. Mosquitoes which had bitten malarial patients in Italy were sent to England and Mr. Manson, the son of Dr. Manson, an investigator, allowed himself to be bitten and suffered from severe attacks of malarial fever. Responsive hearts feel the almost irresistible appeal to give their bodies in redemptive work.

The *Times* recently bore a London despatch carrying the news of the death of Dr. John

Francis Hall-Edwards, one of the first to follow in the path of Roentgen, the discoverer of the X-ray. After the original discovery of 1896 he began his experiments and immediately contracted dermatitis caused by X-ray burns. The malady became so severe that it necessitated amputation of his left arm and the greater part of his right hand. But this did not prevent his further experimentation. Despite his crippled state he was an officer in the Imperial Forces in the War, rendering distinguished service in the war hospitals in France and England, and in 1922 he was awarded a Carnegie hero medal—one of the many who have entered into the fellowship of those who live in broken bodies for the redemption of the race.

Or, take the sacrifice of mind by teachers and those who redeem the rest of us from ignorance or dullness of perception. The hospitals are full of them, people who have laid down their mental strength on the altar of public enlightenment. Recently a woman professor was seriously ill in a nearby hospital, her nerves having been shattered irreparably by constant teaching of kindergarten children. She was dying mentally that they might live a richer and more abundant life.

Or, once more, take the fellowship of offering our emotional life. In the interests of the freedom of her people, Katherine Breskofskaya spent twenty-two years in Russian prisons and a few months ago, in Prague, it was easy to see that the great fires of her contagious enthusiasms were burning low. In marches over thousands of miles of snow-covered roads in Siberia she had been a consuming flame for her cause. In Siberian mines she had met Alexander Kerensky and sent him forth to fight for freedom. Already an old lady, she had passed through the riots of 1905 as a peasant woman, communicating to hundreds of men and women a courage which caused them to laugh at the knout, the Siberian mines, or the firing squad. Now her emotional life had been spent for her people, nevertheless in the Russia of to-morrow she shall see the fruits of her soul's travail and be satisfied.

Paul was echoing the desire of every upward-looking heart: "that I may know Him and the fellowship of His suffering"—suffering with Him in misunderstanding, in anguish with Him over damaged hopes, bleeding with Him over shattered bodies and minds—this, indeed, is "Life, Joy, Empire, and Victory!"

VI

The Burden of a Sustained Loyalty

Father, all things are possible unto thee; take away this cup from me: nevertheless, not what I will, but what thou wilt.—Mark 14:36.

Joan of Arc said to the Dauphin Charles, "You have some good in you, but it is not yet a king's good." Peter had some good in him, but it was not yet the good that could bear up under social reproach and ridicule and danger. He had not yet attained the sustained loyalty, he could not yet bear an unaccustomed cross.

When Savonarola was upon the scaffold the bishop said to him, "I separate thee from the Church militant and triumphant," whereupon Savonarola replied, "From the Church militant, yes, but not from the Church triumphant, for that is not in thy power." The old martyr had long schooled himself in sustained devotion. He took the blows of life as if he were made for them, with no moral holidays in his Christian year.

In days of ease he had resolved what he would do if he were burned at the stake. The saddest fact about the war morals in all countries was not so much the overt acts which broke the moral law but the flimsy justifications offered. Fake standards and moral sophistry are far more dangerous than outbreaking sin. In those fire-swept years, there seemed to be no appreciation of the fact, that men and women are equipped and expected to meet the contingencies and accidents of life.

Most of us can make one leap in the dark, nearly all of us can screw up our courage to decide to pursue a certain course, and many of us can follow out our decisions a long way toward completion. But quite often we come upon unexpected difficulties; vexations and burdens appear which we never knew existed. In building a house it is extremely difficult to estimate the exact cost, since unexpected items of expense are always discovered. In building a Christian life, it is not easy to foresee all the exigencies. Home problems arise—parents develop touchy or surly dispositions, children show an unaccustomed streak of willfulness. New lights and shadows come into the picture. A man invests his money, his work, or his time in a given employment; war or economic depression comes, work grows slack, perhaps a building is burned, investments prove unfruitful, and all plans are wrecked by an unexpected crisis.

Most of us develop muscles to take care of the work we habitually perform, our bodies making the adjustment; but if we are thrown into another employment radically different we sometimes find the muscles brought into play are awkward or weak and unable to meet the strain. The same condition exists in our intellectual and spiritual life. We are compelled to learn the nomenclature of a calling, the lingo as we often call it, or develop new spiritual power for offense and defense. Saul got along fairly well as a country-bred boy, but he had no sustained loyalty which kept him level-headed and heart-whole in the presence of temptations which came to him as a king.

Why is it that Peter gave up his loyalty and Christ kept His? Why did Savonarola manage to maintain his devotion while many of his co-reformers cut and ran? Archbishop Cranmer is an interesting example of a man who lacked the ability to keep his prior allegiance, only to be seized later by an overwhelming remorse. The Roman Catholic Mary Tudor had sought to crush Protestantism in England. Cranmer was imprisoned and in his distress he signed a paper renouncing the Protestant faith. Nevertheless through perfidy he was condemned to death, and it was hoped that at the stake he would publicly abjure the Reformed cause and thus discredit the Reformation. But on the day he was burned, at Oxford on March 21, 1556, his courage came back to him. He repudiated his recantation and held his offending hand which had signed the paper in the fire until it was consumed. By rallying all his powers he was able to call back his great primary devotion before his opportunity was gone forever. That is exactly what Peter did. He cursed and swore he never knew Christ, but in the early chapters in the Book of Acts he is standing up boldly and preaching so that they all marveled. He regained the loyalty he had temporarily abandoned. Why is it we throw over our loyalties and take these moral holidays? Why is it we can stand by Jesus at the seaside and at the wedding at Cana of Galilee—why is it we can be brave with Him as He teaches and heals and blesses—and desert Him in the Garden?

Tedium many times causes us to give up our prior allegiance. It is not easy to keep on being decent and gentle, especially when there is some particularly perplexing personality near us or when we are laboring under a persistent irritation. The futility or stupidity or boresomeness of some men and women at times constitutes a veritable torture for sensitive souls. Do you recall the outburst of Hotspur in *Henry IV:*

Oh, he's as tedious
As a tired horse, a railing wife;
Worse than a smoky house:—I had rather live
With cheese and garlic, in a windmill, far,
Than feed on cakes, and have him talk to me,
In any summer house in Christendom.

The sheer thoughtlessness of people who let themselves become intolerably tedious is a stone of stumbling to many. The deadly monotony of work which is uninteresting, the killing effect of being caught in a chain of circumstances, causes many to throw aside the finest elements of religious faith and settle into a savage *Nolo me tangere* attitude.

Poverty likewise causes many to give over their supreme religious loyalty. "A man must live" is the creed of the vast majority of mankind. The pinch of poverty is especially bitter when it touches our loved ones. It is easy enough to maintain a devotion when it entails suffering for oneself alone, but it is another matter when it causes others to be in want. But that is just what Jesus did.

> Then Peter began to say unto him, Lo, we have left all, and have followed thee.
>
> And Jesus answered and said, Verily I say unto you, There is no man that hath left house, or brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother, or wife, or children, or lands, for my sake, and the gospel's,
>
> But he shall receive a hundredfold now in this time, houses, and brethren, and sisters, and mothers, and children, and lands, with persecutions; and in the world to come eternal life.

Now and then one sees a little family group who understand those inclusive and exacting demands of Jesus and together walk forward in the Christian way of life.

Ill-health comes as a barrier to faith. We had not counted on infirmity—why should it come to us when we are trying so hard to do His will and carry on His work? No one can answer, save to say that it does come and must be met. Paul asked three times that the thorn in his flesh might be removed, but it was not taken away. An old lady who is very fond of golf was suddenly afflicted with a malignant malady. To the young clergyman who visited her recently, she remarked: "I'm in a bunker; now watch me use my niblick." She had the right of it. Disease germs are ubiquitous in our world; all we can do is to employ whatever resources we have of medicine and heart and mind.

At other times we throw over our religious loyalties because we are disgruntled by some one. We take umbrage at some slight and by a fine confusion of circumstances we use it as an excuse to renounce the cause of Christ, of which these persons are but poor representatives. Nearly all of us have done this at one time or another.

Quite often, too, we cast aside our devotion because we cannot see where it will lead us. There is no finality about it. There seems no settled resting place, no end, no finishing tape to breast and have done with; we are appalled by the responsibilities which we may be led to assume. We are afraid of the difficulties ahead, of the dangers to mind, heart, and spirit. We become fugitives from the Divine Compassion because we dare not respond, lest we become greater men and women than we want to be.

Again, there is the drain upon personality which becomes extremely difficult to bear. Quite often we hear people say, "Well, I am at the cracking point," or "I think I'll go crazy," or "if you say another word I'll die." None of these utterances are literally true, but they all do represent an experience of frayed nerves and weary bodies, or personalities, that have been subjected to continuous and difficult stresses. Jesus felt the need of getting apart in the Garden and lifting up His spirit to God for reinforcement to His own strength. Because of the incessant demands on patience and good-will, many give up the loyalty which makes patience and good-will necessary.

Most of us are unprepared for the unexpected. Some one confronts us as Peter was confronted, and we curse and swear and say we never knew Him. Tedium, poverty, ill-health, irritation, fear lest He make of us more than we dare become,—all unite to keep us from sustained loyalty.

How is it that men can move out of the mood of vacillation into unmovable loyalty? How can we be adequately prepared for the unexpected?

No military unit is fully prepared to meet any situation on first contact with the enemy. A moving column has small screening units ahead, scouts, a small body called a point, the advance party, the advance guard, and then the main detachment. The smaller bodies call for reinforcements. In most of the affairs of daily life our advance units are able to clear the way; but sometimes resistance grows stronger and we either go down to defeat or bring up reinforcements. What are the measures which we can take to prepare us for the unwonted in life, the sudden and the unexpected, in order that we may carry a sustained loyalty through to the end?

One reinforcement is the readiness to face a complete situation when it comes up. There are unseemly parts to every position—people and jobs which we dislike to face. The housewife has them, the business man is not immune from them, the professional man cannot escape them. A distinguished Yale scholar once remarked, when cleaning up the kitchen sink, "You know, I like to clean up a messy situation." He had great gifts in helping people solve the dark problems of life just because he loved to grapple with the whole of a situation. Baron Von Hügel said that the purpose of religion was to help people "grasp life's nettle." He who is ready to face a total problem will not be swept off his feet by either repugnance or fear in the face of unpleasant duties. Lincoln saw this clearly and gave a bit of pungent advice to a young boy starting off to school: "On your way, my boy, and remember every man must skin his own skunk." Lincoln in a homely phrase expressed one of the underlying principles of leadership. Our Lord was ready to face the most difficult part with the same persistent allegiance with which He met the joy and the comradeship which men gave to Him. He "loved to clean up a messy situation." What infinite wistfulness there is in the exclamation, "Father, all things are possible unto thee; take away this cup from me: nevertheless not what I will, but what thou wilt." Peter had said, "Although all shall be offended, yet will not I," but he had not yet entered into the mood of unshakable fidelity. He was not prepared for the unexpected and he denied thrice before the cock crew. A mood of readiness to face the hardest, most difficult parts of life is one of the forms which the cross takes in every generation.

A second help in keeping a sustained loyalty is the practice of spiritual renewal. Spiritual garments wax old and threadbare. The need of renewal and renovation in our inward lives is the common portion of mankind. Sometimes, with the best intentions in the world, our tattered personalities are unfitted for the wear of life. We must either draw aside for renewal or add to the commotion and bitterness and ugliness of life within our homes, or wherever else we are. If there is one practice more needed than another to-day, it is that of personal and family devotions. It is an interesting fact that no single great work of art in the Metropolitan Museum has remained untouched. The dust of centuries and the accidents of time necessitate cleaning and retouching, without destroying or altering the essential individuality and authorship of the picture. We need retouching, our faded loyalties need to be made strong and clear, our dimmed enthusiasms once more made bright and shining. We move in a dust-filled moral atmosphere; the luster and color of life inevitably fade. To escape the penalty of breaking the Ten Commandments is not enough, unless we are retouched by the divine life. To get beyond the mere refusal to commit external acts, and to penetrate into the mood and temper of the Beatitudes, is the purpose of the Christian man.

Do you recall those lines of Francis Quarles, the seventeenth-century poet laboring beneath the sense of the apostasy of his generation, feeling their desertion of Christ, their inability to maintain their loyalty to Him?

And dar'st thou venture still to live in sin,
And crucify thy dying Lord again?
Were not his pangs sufficient? Must he bleed
Yet more? O, must our sinful pleasures feed
Upon his torments, and augment the story
Of the sad passion of the Lord of glory!
Is there no pity? Is there no remorse
In human breasts? Is there a firm divorce
Betwixt all mercy and the hearts of men?
Parted forever,—ne'er to meet again?
No mercy bides with us: 'tis thou alone
Hast it, sweet Jesu, for us, that have none
For thee: thou hast forestall'd our markets so,
That all's above, and we have none below:

Nay, blessed Lord, we have not wherewithal
To serve our shiftless selves: unless we call
To thee, thou art our Saviour, and hast power
To give, and whom we crucify each hour:
We are cruel, Lord, to thee, and ourselves too;
Jesu forgive us; we know not what we do.

Not many in this generation will be nailed to a cross, not many will be entirely deserted and left alone, but to every one there comes the acid test that came to Peter. Can we endure? Can we face social reproach? Can we carry our loyalty through the vexation of daily toil, and the inevitably difficult places in domestic life or professional or business life? Can we carry our allegiance to Christ into the life of our state and into the world? The burden of an undying devotion to Him is one of the forms of the cross in our generation.

VII

Redemption by Pain

Ye are bought with a price.—I Cor. 7:23.

Recently, in a portrait studio, a friend showed me the works of his heart and hand, glorious evidences of his inner light laid out in harmonious line and color. To his clairvoyant eyes the character of his subjects stood out clearly. As on leaving I turned to take one more glimpse of the beauty of the place, I beheld a strange shadow upon a magnificent portrait of one who was evidently a prosperous young man in his early thirties. A rope used for hoisting a painting into position fell between a strong spotlight and this portrait, casting coils of black shadow about the resolute and debonair young man. In spite of his smile and his seeming resolution he seemed bound and tangled by the rope about him.

It was a parable of our lives. Smiling and resolute we greet life, but many times conscious that we are bound by ties invisible to others—ties of social ambition, ties of dishonesty, ties of untruth, ties of greed and of animalism. Paul was not the first one nor the last to say that if men and women can be redeemed from their worst to their best selves they must be bought with a price.

Long before Jesus came, Aristotle and Pythagoras, and even the mythological Rhadamanthus were dealing with the idea of justice and redemption. They knew, as did Jesus—and as every great dramatist and novelist has known—that the cycle of sin, retribution, and reconciliation is the sequence of events in life. Thucydides and Æschylus portrayed it. Shakespeare talked of nothing else in his major tragedies. Thomas Aquinas speaks of a counter-passion or counter-suffering as the beginning point in the process of justice. Bertram dal Bornio speaks of the justice of his suffering in Dante's *Inferno:*

> "Thus is observed in me the counterpoise."

Beatrice has the same idea in the *Purgatorio:*

> "So that the sin and dole be of one measure."

In the *Paradiso* the idea emerges once more in the necessity of the incarnation of God's outreaching love in some person who is willing to pour out his soul for others:

The human creature . . . to his dignity no more
returns
Unless he fill up where transgression empties
With righteous pains for criminal delights.

Wherever there have been eyes to see and ears to hear the inner nature of life and its redemption, men have agreed with St. Paul: "Ye are bought with a price." Who pays this price?

Christ paid it in suffering love upon the cross, and continues to pay it in all those intermediate Calvaries where trusted followers fail Him or curse and swear they never knew Him.

He paid a heavy price in His mind. Several times He had opportunity to turn from the hostile area about Jerusalem and go northwest to Tyre and Sidon, where he could easily have been acclaimed a great prophet and a teacher mighty in word and deed. But always the sense of the solidarity of the spiritual Israel came upon Him and He turned from safety into danger. "I was not sent save unto the lost sons of the House of Israel."

Again in the Garden He struggled in mind to pierce the darkness ahead and to see the outcome of the cross. "Father, save me from this hour . . . but for this cause came I into the world." Would there be enough men who would preserve His idea of a new way of life, a new way of overcoming evil, a new *motif* for all life's work; or would He be utterly forgotten save by the scant dozen of sleeping friends who were with Him? Even with them, so oblivious to the storm in His own mind when He so humanly prayed, "Father, if it be Thy will, let this cup pass from me," there was an open chance that He would remain only as a memory. Jesus was paying a terrific price in His mind. Would the cause valued above even His life be preserved, or would some future millennium witness the coming of some new redeemer who would attempt to reconcile a more responsive generation to a God who was companion and defender and friend in all man's perplexities? St. Luke records, "being in an agony He prayed more earnestly: and His sweat was as it were great drops of blood falling down to the ground."

Emotionally, He paid the price. The dullness of friends, the unresponsiveness of a people He loved with a passionate enthusiasm, the forgetfulness of numbers whom He had healed, the vast anonymous weight of misunderstanding, and stubbornness, and sin, tore His heart. Seldom did a word of all this escape His lips, but in the Garden He said to His sleeping comrades: "My soul is exceeding sorrowful, even unto death."

Jesus also paid the price of His moral ascendency in His body. By His, the cruelest of all deaths, those who have suffered for righteousness, by social ostracism, in foul dungeons, and at the stake, hail Jesus chief among the champions of men. After the late war I made a special trip to Antwerp to study Rubens' great painting, *Christ between the Two Thieves*, placed in the Recollect Church in 1620 and now in the Museum. The thieves, in excruciating pain, have struggled and thrashed about until they are almost free from the iron pinions which hold them to the wood and are still shouting and cursing. Except in the figures of John and Mary the Mother, there is not an easy, reposeful curve in the picture; every limb and every posture is the embodiment of shock and tension. Even the horse of the Roman Captain has his neck bent painfully to one side and stands uneasily upon the side of the rock. Jesus, though dead, is taut in all His muscles. Rubens glimpsed the eternal heartbreak behind the cross and left Jesus suffering even after the spirit had left the body. The whole canvas cries out with physical agony.

Christ is chief of all the liberators of men. He has paid the price in mind and heart and body.

The price is paid by His followers. Most of our Senate documents are rather dull reading, but there is one that thrills with a redemptive spirit—Senate Document No. 520, the story of the conquest of yellow fever. Ferdinand de Lesseps, the builder of the Suez Canal, had been engaged by the French Canal Company in 1881 to pierce the Isthmus of Panama, which had long been a plague spot. When the gold fever of 1849 caused a rush to the West *via* the Isthmus, two American engineers, Totten and Trantwine, pushed through a railroad, every tie of which cost the life of a man. In 1887 the death rate reached the figure of 176.97 per thousand. In nine years the French Company buried 20,000 men on Monkey Hill at Colon. But when the Americans took over the Canal in 1904 the story was different and it was different because of the price paid by a number of heroic men and women to discover the cause and prevention of yellow fever. In 1900 Surgeon-General Sternberg had appointed Dr. Walter Reed, Dr. Carroll, Dr. Agramonte of Harvard, and Dr. Jesse W. Lazear to investigate the deadly disease in Havana. Officers and men knew they were playing with death. Men in the ranks allowed themselves to be bitten by stegomyia mosquitoes which had fed upon yellow fever victims. Nurses and assistants perished through experiments. Lazear allowed himself to be bitten and died within thirteen days. A number of privates volunteered to sleep and eat in quarters recently occupied by yellow fever victims, to prove that without the pestilential mosquito the fever was not communicable. The cause and prevention of yellow fever were discovered, and it was possible to build the Panama Canal only because of the vicarious suffering of men and women of all ranks in the Army Commission who gave their lives. The health of the Canal Zone was bought with a price.

Sometimes men are impressed into sacrificial service like Simon of Cyrene, the countryman upon whom the soldier laid the cross for a period as Jesus toiled up Golgotha. Donald Lowrie, who had charge of repatriating the German prisoners of war from Siberian prison camps to their homeland in 1919, tells a pathetic story of one particular batch of 400 who had been gathered out of the plague-ridden hospitals of Siberia. Out of the 400, all of whom had been badly wounded, 250 were partially or totally blind. These were men who had been drafted into suffering, whose flesh and minds had been laid under the world's crucifixion in the years 1914-1918, men who bore in their bodies the sins of others, the mute appeal of whose affliction went forth to shame and to arrest the hearts of all responsive natures.

Victor Hugo, himself an ardent Republican and an exile from the Second Empire, spoke feelingly of the redemptive self-imposed sufferings of men who were struggling for freedom in all lands, at the funeral of Jean Bosquet, another exile from France. He looked forward to "the deliverance of every nation and the enfranchisement of mankind." "Oppressed of all nations," he pleaded, "offer up your wounds. Poles, offer your misery; Hungarians, offer your gibbet; Italians, offer your cross; heroic transported brothers of Cayenne, of Africa, offer your chains; exiles, offer your proscription; and thou, O martyr, offer thy death to the liberty of the human race!"

Heroic souls are constantly responding to the appeal of Jesus and enlisting with Him in the redemption of the world.

Resting beneath the sense of guilt for the human wrong which has been committed by one people against another, Albert Schweitzer, one of the most exalted minds of our generation, has gone out to serve the people of Central Africa. This man is a doctor of philosophy, a doctor of music, and a doctor of medicine. He was organist of the Paris Bach Society, a lecturer at Cambridge University, a professor at Strassbourg, a theologian and a philosopher whose works have penetrated every university in the Western world. He says in his account of his work for the population on the Labarene in French Equatorial Africa: "Believing it, as I do, to be my life's task to fight on behalf of the sick under far-off stars, I appeal to the sympathy which Jesus and religion generally call for, but at the same time I call to my help also our most fundamental ideas and reasonings. . . . Ever since the world's far-off lands were discovered, what has been the conduct of the white people to the colored ones? What is the meaning of the simple fact that this and that people has died out, that others are dying out, and that the condition of others is getting worse and worse as a result of their discovery by men who professed to be followers of Jesus? . . . Who can measure the misery produced by fiery drinks and the hideous diseases that we have taken to them?

"We and our civilization are burdened with a great debt. We are not free to confer benefits on these men or not, as we please; it is our duty. Anything we give them is not benevolence but atonement. . . . The Fellowship of those who bear the Mark of Pain. We are the members of this Fellowship. Those who have learned by experience what physical pain and bodily anguish mean belong together the world over; they are united by a secret bond. . . . Sooner or later the idea . . . will conquer the world, for with inexorable logic it carries with it the intellect as well as the heart."

We are bought with a price paid by gallant and willing individuals, followers of Christ who have entered into the "Fellowship of those who bear the Mark of Pain."

Sometimes it is given to groups to pay a price for the emancipation of society and of individuals. A notable example of this was the suffering of the cotton spinners of Lancashire during the Civil War. The Union blockade of Southern ports had reduced the flow of cotton to the midland spinneries of England. Tens of thousands were in an almost starving condition. England was on the verge of war with the United States. At one meeting of President Lincoln's Cabinet the eventuality of war with Great Britain was seriously discussed. The South was hoping that England would be starved into coming to their rescue and thus save her own manufacturing population from utter destitution.

A small group of Union men made clear to the spinners that slave labor anywhere was a blow at liberty in all lands. One by one the great mills closed and hungry men and women were fed by relief funds raised throughout the realm. The Earl of Derby led in collecting money from all parties in England. A ship loaded with 50,000 barrels of flour was despatched from New York to feed hungry children about the silent mills of Lancashire. But during all the long months of agony there was not a single riot or disturbance, for the mill hands saw that they were suffering not primarily as victims of justice and oppression, but that they had voluntarily entered into the travail of the whole social order as it was breaking the bondage of three million men and women.

In an arresting article in the *Century Magazine*, Edwin Bjorkman makes his confession of faith, entitled "Am I a Christian?" He conceives Christianity as a vast fabric of valuable symbolism and remarks: "This last form of symbolism is particularly exemplified and accentuated by the idea of vicarious atonement, which may suggest nothing more than a cowardly escape if falsely interpreted. It does not teach that we may evade the consequences of our own acts through the gratuitous intercession of some one else, but that we are all parts of a common whole, united to each other by the fundamental facts of our existence as the cells of the body are united by tiny filaments of protoplasm so that daily and hourly we suffer and rejoice, pay and reap, vicariously, on account of immeasurable acts in which we bear no open share. There is in all of us a Christ portion that carries the sins of others and helps to atone for them, so that others still to come may not have to pay quite as high a price for the mistakes and misdeeds of the past; a portion that is not of our own choosing but imposed on us by life itself. To me personally this truth was brought home unforgettably when, as a newspaper man, I had to face the horrible details of the so-called *Slocum* disaster, and my tortured mind insisted on knowing why, in a universe not ordained by fiends, so many women and children should perish cruelly for no fault of their own. And the dawn of peace came to me only when I saw that they were all infinitesimally small replicas of the Christ figure, atoning for sins not their own, that others might learn and live."

Recently there has been a public agitation to place monuments of crippled children beside crossings where reckless drivers have killed schoolboys and girls in their criminal haste—mute figures raised up from the earth, bearing in their maimed limbs the sins of others, that passers-by may be educated and arrested and shamed into decency. A judge in Denver sentenced one child-maimer to go through a hospital ward and behold the pain-filled faces of the children suffering from traffic accidents. He saw, as did Bjorkman, that these children "were all infinitesimally small replicas of the Christ figure, atoning for sins not their own, that others might learn and live."

But some will say—why should one, any one, go out voluntarily and suffer for others and emancipate their minds? Should not consequences fall on those who transgress the laws of health and the laws of emotional and intellectual life? Mentally the consequences will be there in power. In a hospital in a nearby city was a man who had been a very heavy drinker and a carouser of the worst sort. By one of those mysterious manifestations of God's power he had been made a new man and had gone for years without a drink. The surgeon in charge, on hearing how circumspect had been the man's life in these latter years, remarked significantly: "Nature forgives but she never forgets. The old mental torture and confusion and conflict are gone and we hope gone forever, but the scars remain." Jesus attracts men as they are and disinfects old contagions and binds up old wounds and sends them forth, crippled maybe, but healed.

The cross is man's most hopeful possession. Through it, if anywhere, we find an opportunity to change and reshape life in its most unresponsive and unyielding places. The years just past have had a discouraging element, in that so many students of life, biologists and psychologists, have tended to picture man as either the creature of economic forces or of a history and heredity over which he has no control. Some have looked upon stained hands and bad starts in life as irredeemable. But are they? In a volume which has risen to almost unprecedented popularity, entitled *Why We Behave Like Human Beings*, written by Dr. George A. Dorsey, he asserts: "Any attempt to explain or to describe man by a set of rules or by a special formula, or as cast in a given mold, is predestined to failure. Man is something happening all the time, a going concern; he makes his rules, revises his formula, and recasts his mold in the act of being and while going. . . . Man's really distinguishing trait is his capacity for modifiable behavior." Human nature can and does change. Over against the hardest perplexities of human life stands the cross, the supreme resource of God and man to attract and constrain men to exercise their capacity to modify behavior.

The divine purpose waits for those who will pay the price to follow Jesus in bearing the world's griefs and in carrying its sorrows. A few months ago I was in a Constantinople restaurant when Mustapha Kemal sent a man with a drum through the streets of Dolma Batche to call another class of boys to the colors. The voice rang out along the dirty streets, through the rug shops, coffee houses and European cafés, resonant, imperative, persistent, like the call of the muezzin to prayer. The Divine Presence is like that, going through the world with the cross of Christ as its emblem, summoning responsive hearts to enlist and follow Him.

You have been bought with a price, a price paid by Christ in body, mind, and spirit; a price paid by his adventurous followers in medicine and all professions and callings; a price paid by numberless obscure and unknown people who have given themselves for the emancipation of the race. Will you join with them?

VIII

Simon of Cyrene

And as they led him away, they laid hold upon one Simon, a Cyrenian, coming out of the country, and on him they laid the cross, that he might bear it after Jesus.—Luke 23:26.

A few months ago I was on a destroyer in the Suez Canal when a big P and O liner drew up to the coaling station. Barges were lashed alongside and great beams laid up as bridges to doors in the ship's hull. Soon black naked figures with eighty-pound baskets on their heads were hurrying along these beams and dumping loads of coal into the hatches. They were lean Arabs from the Nile Delta, black ghosts of half-starved fellahin, unknown, unvalued save as beasts of burden. They were as straws in the wind, the dust of the earth. The rail above the coaling operation was lined with people. On the edge of the barge stood a sheik in a white burnoose with a knotted rope in his hand. If one of the carriers slowed up, the sheik hit him with the rope across the naked back.

One could see the purple welt and the flesh swell beneath the lash. For hours the labor continued silently, save for the rush of coal into the ship and the Arabic curses of this Egyptian Simon Legree.

Up above men and women set their teeth in anger and horror. The sheer inhumanity of the spectacle aroused them to the position of labor in that part of the world and they were equipped to reveal the degradation of such methods. Upon the backs of unknown and unvalued Arabs was laid a cross, upon which their people had been stretched for centuries, and the world was beginning to see and to understand.

You may recall the first time you read the story of Simon of Cyrene. There was a flash of gratitude which went out involuntarily to the man who was pressed into service to help Jesus on that tragic day. It was a strange element in the ghastly procedure, that even in His passion men were called in to participate. Even His cross was shared for a period, until He could rally His strength to go on up the hill. There was a high sense of fitness in having this stranger of North Africa drafted in to bear the rough timbers and to participate in an event which should not be limited in its significance to any locality but represented in miniature to grappling of universal order and right with the spirit of frustration and wrong.

The story of Simon of Cyrene is a parable of all those who through no considered plan of their own find themselves in the course of life bearing in body, mind, and heart that crucifixion through which alone the world is won to a better way of life.

Some bear the cross upon their *backs*. You will recall how the young Lincoln made his way down the Ohio and the Mississippi to New Orleans and there amid the cotton bales of the New Orleans jetty saw a Negro woman subjected to the inhuman treatment of her master and prospective buyers, being paced up and down and examined as a horse or cow. Thereupon Lincoln registered a solemn resolution: this sort of thing must stop! Silent, ignorant of the fact that they are acting important parts in a drama of immense international economic and political influence, those on whose backs are laid the pain and the ignominy of the world help to bear the cross by which their fellow men are finally redeemed. By their stripes large areas of humanity are healed.

These suffering ones teach us how to live and how to die. An American who served with the black troops of the French army during the Great War told how one night he was lying wounded in a dressing station just back of the lines when a giant black Senegalese was brought in, all but shot to pieces. The huge ebony body was laid upon a board and given what care was possible under the circumstances. During the hours of agony which followed no groan escaped his lips. He was laid facing toward the East, toward Mecca, like a true Mussulman, as he awaited the call of Allah to summon him to Paradise. The American recorded: "He taught me how to suffer and to die." Probably Simon of Cyrene was a black man, one of ten thousand times ten thousand men who come from strange corners of the earth to place themselves beneath the cross of humanity's need, one of the multitude of every race and tongue who have felt the spell and charm of Him Who most was man and "shrank from the shame of any lot less shameful than another's."

Political freedom in every land has been won by men and women who have suffered to gain it for others. During the bitter post-war years, years of misunderstanding and class hatreds, many brave men and women who did not believe in war were cast into prison, and many unfortunately were kept there, because of economic theories which they had a right to hold under the United States Constitution—kept there by the forces of reaction and greed and cruel Red Toryism. They have rotted in our prisons years after suspected German spies were let loose. Our history is worse than that of any other warring country in this respect. Men and women of the finest sensibilities have been left to languish of tuberculosis in Fort Leavenworth and other Federal prisons. Ralph Chaplin, a poet, was one of them; he wrote of his friend, Wesley Everest, also imprisoned for his views on the War, who finally died from violent treatment:

Torn and defiant as a wind-lashed reed,
Wounded, he faced you as he stood at bay.
You dared not lynch him in the light of day,—
But on your dungeon stones you let him bleed:
Night came . . . and you black vigilants of greed,
Like human wolves, seized hard upon your prey,
Tortured and killed . . . and, silent, slunk away,—
Without one qualm of horror for the deed. . . .

Once long ago . . . do you remember how
You hailed Him King for soldiers to deride?
You placed a scroll upon His bleeding brow,
And spat upon Him, scourged Him, crucified;
A rebel unto Cæsar, then as now—
Alone, thorn-crowned, a spear wound in His side!

The redemption of our civil rights, our thought life, and our personal liberties have rested heavily upon the backs of heroic men and women.

Others bear the cross upon their *minds*. One thinks of Keir Hardie in England and Walter Rauschenbusch in the United States, among the first to state the social implications of the teaching of Jesus for modern life. These men had placed upon their minds the almost intolerable burden of illuminating reactionary and stand-pat people until those who control our social order should comprehend the meaning of brotherhood and compassion. Their words have gone out through all the earth to serve as a ferment and a stimulus, to arouse a profound discontent with the kind of world in which we now live and think.

Those philosophical anarchists who feel the present order is bad and withdraw from it have an easy existence compared with those who see glaring injustice and rampant greed, but who will not withdraw from the social and economic and intellectual mêlée. These seem to hear the prayer of Jesus: "I pray not that thou shouldest take them from the world . . . As thou didst send me into the world even so send I them."

Recently a letter came from a distinguished young missionary in China, Maxwell Chaplin, who died of cholera in the summer of 1926 at Tsing-Tao. During the war Chaplin became a convinced pacifist and wrote to his friends that he thought a Christian could have nothing to do with armed conflict. In this last letter he presented a far different point of view. "My own thought and experience since those days," he wrote, "has led me to feel the inadequacy of our pacifist thinking . . . It was more in line with the Old Testament prophets who clearly saw the evil of the day and fearlessly denounced it, but were helpless to do more. The *Incarnation* was the answer. God came into life and met men where they were, shared their lot, and bore their sin in His own body. There was no divine standing aside. There was a plunging into the world's maelstrom of sin, and suffering the consequences. That divine urge to share and suffer had not articulated itself in pacifist thinking at that time. . . . With us in China, a legalist would refuse to go as a missionary of the Gospel of God's love where his position was compromised by extraterritoriality which ultimately rests upon political force. It is a compromise and a hindrance, which—thank God!—may soon be removed, but those in the past who have seen a great human need and felt a divine urge to try and meet it have not found that the theoretical compromise of their position nullified the working of the Grace of God to reach men in need. Grace always pioneers the way and law travels along in its efforts to keep consistent. The doing away with extraterritoriality will take some of the teeth out of the present radical attack on Christianity in China, but we need not expect it to remove the hostility."

Here is one who was bearing in his mind the cross on which the intellectual life of our day is stretched in its upreach toward a more adequate conception of life in all its aspects.

Some bear the cross upon their minds.

Still others bear the cross upon their *hearts.* Carl Sandburg, in his new biography *Abraham Lincoln, The Prairie Years*, gives an account of Lincoln's 1858 address at Chicago in a grueling campaign for the young rail-splitter from the Illinois prairie, who was just emerging from the obscurity of county politics. The day was a dark one, defeat and humiliation seemed certain, and Lincoln—after speaking of the treachery of supposed friends—mentioned that he and his associates had been "bespattered with every imaginable odious epithet." The redemption of men and women and children was being borne twelve years before the Civil War broke out, by a great-hearted man of the people.

Not only do people enter emotionally into the experience of Simon of Cyrene in the great affairs of life, but also in the almost daily Calvaries which come in homes, in offices, and in every line of employment. Stefan Zweig has pictured the solidarity of the family and the suffering of one for the other in his play, *Jeremiah.* Every one except the prophet's mother thinks him a mad, raving maniac. She comes to the outcast and discredited man: "My child, were you indeed the rejected of all men, banned by the priests, outlawed by the people; had God Himself thrust you away from the light of His countenance; still were you my son, blood of my blood forevermore. I will love you for their hatred, and bless you for their curse. If they have spit upon you, come that I may kiss you, if they have cast you out, come that I may take you in; *home*, come home to my heart. Sweet to me is the salt of your tears, blessed is all that you do; if only you return to my mother's heart." The divine compassion is like that—it goes forth to all sufferers and says: "Sweet to me is the bitterness of your lips, sweet to me the salt of your tears. All that men despise in you, that you are worth to me."

Some bear the cross on their bodies, like the Arabs at Suez, others bear it upon their minds like Maxwell Chaplin, some upon their hearts like Jeremiah.

Have you found the place where you can put your life, your personality, beneath the world's needs? Do you find that you have been drafted by circumstances to lift an unexpected load, at which you have at first rebelled? It may be the experience of Simon of Cyrene, it may be the cross of Christ, and you may yet be a fellow sufferer with Christ in the redemption of the world.

IX

The Remission of Sins

This is my blood of the new testament, which is shed for many for the remission of sins.—Matthew 26:28.

When Alexander Whyte of Free Saint George's, Edinburgh, was visiting his barrister friend, John Carment, the old gentleman looked up at the minister and said: "Have ye any word for an old sinner?" Multitudes of thoughtful men and women turn with wistful faces to the Church of Christ with the same question. The sense of failure, remorse for damage done to the hearts and minds of others which is beyond repair, causes sensitive hearts to long for some one to wash the slate clean, to give them another chance. Edward Fitz Gerald was sure that men could not find remission of sin—

The moving Finger writes, and having writ
Moves on: nor all your Piety nor Wit
Shall lure it back to cancel half a line,
Nor all your Tears wash out a word of it.

Isaiah, with a keener knowledge of spiritual life, was certain that we could find redemption: "Though your sins be as scarlet they shall be as white as snow, though they be red like crimson they shall be as wool."

Jesus was undoubtedly convinced that He was to make a profound difference in the lives of men, that He was to enable them to knit up a broken personal relation with God. Jesus wished His friends to know the significance of the cup of the New Covenant, that dramatization of outpoured love in the remission of sins. "God was in Christ," as Paul put it, "reconciling the world unto Himself." Jesus knew there was a quality of heart and mind that could cancel many lines written in hatred, and that sincere tears of repentance could wash out many words spoken in falsehood. In that last meal together He said to His friends: "This cup is the New Covenant in my blood, which is shed for many for the remission of sins."

The idea of the shedding of blood was an old one in Jesus' day. The writer of the Epistle to the Hebrews says: "According to the law, I may almost say, all things are cleansed with blood, and apart from the shedding of blood there is no remission."

The Old Testament contains three stages in its conception of redemptive sacrifice, all of which were well known to the instructed in Jesus' day.

First, there was the pagan idea of sacrifice, made up very largely of magic and superstition, unethical, and based upon the idea of God as unmoral, capricious, easily placated with gifts. Usually the blood of the victim was brought as a sin offering and sprinkled on the altar "before Jehovah," or was poured out on the loose stones at the base. In heathen sacrifices the blood was considered to be most potent if it were that of the worshiper himself. Thus in the story of Elijah and the prophets of Baal, the latter cut "themselves after their manner with knives and lances, until the blood gushed out upon them." For these ancient peoples the blood held a magic efficacy.

It was only by a serious struggle and a long experience that the people and writers of the Old Testament rose above this primitive magical conception, the idea that the blood was especially potent, although they seldom attempted to explain the reason. The closest approach to an explanation is in Leviticus 17: 11, but even here the explanation must be inferred, as the writer is explaining why the blood must not be eaten: "For the life [or soul] of the flesh is in the blood: and I have given it to you upon the altar to make atonement for your souls: for it is the blood that maketh atonement by reason of the life." Life was supposed to be resident in the blood. Behind heathen sacrifice with its crude necromancy and symbolism, behind the offering of animals and the spilling of blood, there was authentic human experience, that it was *life*, life poured out and expended, symbolized in the blood, which brought about the reconciliation which made crimson stains as white as snow.

Then, second, came the Hebrew priestly idea that Jehovah was a righteous God, in a covenant relation with His people. Sacrifice was for them the perpetual reminder of the covenant between them. But many non-moral ideas clung about Hebrew worship and it was easy to lapse back into the magical conceptions of heathen neighbors, the placating of an angry God.

Third, following the pagan and the Hebrew priestly ideas of sacrifice, there came the Hebrew prophetic idea. The prophets had a deeper sense of the righteousness of Jehovah, of His moral requirements and of the practice of justice between man and man. Repentance and amendment were made vital elements. A clean heart and a dedicated life were made the main requisites. The "New Covenant" which the Lord desires to make will be wholly inward and spiritual, apart from ritual or sacrifices, based upon the quality of men's hearts. "Behold the days come," said Jeremiah, ". . . that I will make a new covenant with the house of Israel . . . not according to the covenant I made with their fathers. . . . I will put my law in their inward parts and in their heart will I write it."

When Jesus stood up on that last night with His little company, He was a child of the past as well as a prophet of the future. The Lord had maintained a covenant relation with the Hebrew people, with Adam, with Noah, with Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, and Moses. Each in turn had had a new covenant made with him, or an old one reaffirmed. When Christ took the cup He dramatized two concepts in terms His friends understood, the covenant idea and the idea of blood sacrifice: "This cup is the new covenant in my blood, which is shed for many for the remission of sins." The cup represented His life and all it stood for: love and patience and thoughtfulness and sacrificial compassion given for many, for the washing out of transgression.

But there are many sincere people who say: "I wish I knew how the cross could be available for me. I long to be emancipated from my past, to wash my memory clean, to redeem my disposition, to recall hasty words, and to wipe out the consequences of my sin."

How can Jesus redeem our memories and save us from corroding remorse? Macbeth demanded of his physician:

> Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased,
> Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow,
> Raze out the written troubles of the brain,
> And with some sweet oblivious antidote
> Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff
> Which weighs upon the heart?

Men have troubled memories: Sophocles has Œdipus exclaim the moment after he has torn out his eyes:

> More painful is the memory of my crimes
> Than all the wounds my wild distractions made.

But among those who have contributed to the literature of Western Europe Dante was the first who attempted to show how God washes clean the memory of the past. In the *Divine Comedy*, Beatrice had appeared to him and he had confessed his unfaithfulness, yet feels he cannot enter Paradise with a befouled memory. Then it was he met Mathilda, a representation of virtuous activity, who drew him into the waters of Lethe, the stream of complete forgetfulness. But that was no adequate reconciliation with the past. Recollection merely of the good in life would leave a man only half informed, and Dante in a later book, at the close of the *Paradiso*, gives us a better solution for a blackened memory, where all things are held, but are immersed in the Lake of Sempiternal Light, a symbol of the grace of God. Bunyan had the same idea in his character Valiant for the Truth, when he said: "I am going to my father . . . my marks and scars I carry with me."

Jesus redeems the memories of men when they see by contrast their own condition, when their wills are stirred to repentance, and when they determine that with all their marks and scars, and the education and enlightenment they symbolize, they will try His way of life. And this means restitution as far as it is humanly possible, not complete forgetfulness. Adam Bede said: "There's a sort of wrong that can never be made up for." And that in a sense is true. But nevertheless a blackened memory can be redeemed. Henry Drummond used to say to the undergraduates of Edinburgh, in his meetings in the old Operetta House, that he believed in the recoverability of human nature at its worst. There is no moral situation so complex or so rooted in the lives of people that something beautiful cannot be salvaged.

Albert Parker Fitch, in his amazing story of the contrasting ideals and objectives of the younger generation as exemplified in the life of a Harvard undergraduate, reveals the desperate necessity of righting the past to rid oneself of the merciless goad of retentive memory. Dick Blaisdell, after a drunken debauch, is tortured. He could have said of his sins the "memory of them is intolerable," in the sense of those who framed the Book of Common Prayer. He could no longer bear to leave them unconfessed. Doctor Fitch, with true discernment of spiritual sequences, describes Blaisdell as consumed with a desire to approach his enemy, a self-righteous instructor, and make a clean breast of the whole affair.

He shrank with inexpressible fear and pride from it, but it did not even occur to him to rebel; to have found his soul and to be able to obey it, to surrender, not his higher to his baser self, but his whole being, composed and at peace, to this serene Will which was both within, without—this, at that moment, was enough. He got up slowly from the seat, feeling desperately cold and stiff, and rather uncertainly left the Park. There was a moment of terrible revulsion—that man, his small complacencies and rigid standards, his snug rooms and cool, gray, scrutinizing eye—he could not do it! "God!" he breathed, "God!" Then lifting up his face again, he went on. It was after eleven when the knock sounded on Percy's door. . . . Dick walked in quickly, shut it, and stood before it. The boy stood upright, a solemn almost impersonal figure. In his humility he loomed and seemed to fill the tidy room. . . .

"I'm ashamed," Dick broke out. "I've come to say that I'm ashamed." . . .

One look at Blaisdell's face and he marveled; it was as if the refiner's fire had passed over it, leaving it pale but glowing with an inward light.

"What's the matter with you, Blaisdell? What's happened?"

"I've got to tell you! I thought you knew already, but that wasn't the reason. It makes it harder, but it doesn't alter things. I was a lie last Tuesday night. I shan't ever get to be real unless I pay for it! I must drink what I've brewed! I wasn't fit to be there. You were right to be sore over it. She—she—she didn't know what I am. . . . Oh, sir, don't stop me! I must get right. I've got to tell the truth to respect myself. To-night's my one chance! I can do it now—you daren't stop me! . . . I want to atone; help me to start out!"

Here is a true picture of every man and woman when the divine life floods in to possess the innermost regions of mind and heart, as the tide searches out a thousand obscure rivulets of an inland bay. Confess and restore is a sequence which has been crystal clear to any one seeking to restore violated love and lost peace of mind.

What is it that we have taken from another—money, trust, love, good name, friendship, confidence? In some cases more than in others can restitution be made; nevertheless something can be done, if only to confess. In circumstances where no human restitution can avail to restore lost felicity, Shakespeare and other dramatists often deal with the situation by doing away with malefactors by suicide or untimely death, feeling that across the mysterious River Styx, in some ampler and larger life, complete reconciliation must be made. But those of us who live on must make restitution within our powers. It is when men appreciate the dedication which Jesus made of His whole self in love, that they are quickened to restore what they have taken. By appreciation and participation in His way of life the memories and the minds of men are redeemed. An Archbishop in a recent play said: "Must some one be burned in every generation to get hold of the minds of men?" It seems so. As Paul said, we fill up that which is lacking of the affliction of Christ. We must incarnate again the experience of the cross. When you and I participate in what Jesus did, our own minds and memories and those of others will be redeemed.

The experience of the cross is not foreign to human life. Old Daniel Pegotty knew it in *David Copperfield* when he suffered with Emily in her disaster. The chastisement of her peace was upon him. Adam Bede knew what the cross meant in bowing his head in utter willingness to share Hetty's reproach. By his stripes she was healed. All true hearts meet the cross sooner or later. It was an event in history but it was also a principle in everyday life, "except a corn of wheat fall unto the ground and die it abideth alone." Paul, seeking to picture this principle, spoke of the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world. And another illuminated soul, contemplating Golgotha, said:

This is not He alone
Whom I have known,
    This is all Christs since time began.
The flood of all the dead
His veins have shed,
    For He is God and Ghost and Everyman.

It is by appropriation of the temper and the mood of Jesus that one is finally emancipated from the goad of a troubled memory.

And this leads to a second question: how is the work of Christ available for our dispositions?

Once again, by appreciation of and participation in His dominant mood of unflinching love. The revelation of how much our wrongdoing hurts some one else—that finally teaches us, and shames us, and exalts us to do better. Achilles' heart is melted, and he is cured of his dishonesty and stubbornness when he sees widespread destruction coming upon the Greek army before the walls of Ilion. In all his tragedies Shakespeare lights the fires of contrition when guilty souls behold the havoc of their sins. Arthur Donnithorne, in *Adam Bede*, sees the gravity of his wrongdoing when Hetty is on trial for murder of her child and his. Arthur Dimmesdale is torn in soul when he sees day after day the scarlet letter broidered on the garments of Hester Prynne. The boy who went to the far country came to himself, not only when he ate husks with the pigs but when he thought of his father eating bitter bread at home. The far country is not far geographically—it is within your heart and mine. Taking the road to the Father's house involves no change of residence—it means changing your mind and your attitude and your way of life.

The evocation of repentance and contrition is the best service which Jesus gave to men. But to evoke repentance requires dedication of our very hearts. Fewer will follow Jesus there than elsewhere. Many will contribute until it pinches, for the cause of Christ; others will fight for Him, die for Him, bear social and political reproach because of loyalty to His teachings; but only an inner circle will risk not only treasure, body, and reputation, but also their feelings and their hearts. He willingly took the chance of having a broken heart; His closest friends on that night long ago could not even watch with Him one hour. They slept or fled or cursed and swore they never knew Him.

What is it that really gets people's hearts and redeems their dispositions? It is the realization that some one loves them enough to suffer for them and to risk a broken heart for them. When men in the first century looked at Jesus on the cross, and the life and purpose that went before it, they saw a love which could not be defeated by repudiation, or desertion, or wounded sensibilities, or a broken heart. "Having loved His own, He loved them to the end." That is an argument beyond words or gifts or struggles or debates. It is the unspeakable gift which words cannot utter. It is the last resource of redemptive love —to suffer—and it is the best.

Bernard Shaw stated a truth known and read of all responsive men and women, when he put these words upon the lips of Joan the Maid when she was baited and frustrated by the dignitaries of church and state: "If I go through the fire

I shall go to the hearts of the people." That is just what Jesus did on Good Friday. Man's persuasions and explanations and devices may fail, but the love shown forth on Golgotha is understandable to the simplest heart.

The cup of the new covenant is still available for all who will take it for the remission of sins, for the redemption of memory, and the emancipation of disposition. Jesus by that symbol of outpoured life is still going "through the fire to the hearts of the people."

X

The Sheer Appeal of Sacrificial Suffering

And when the centurion, which stood over against him, saw that he so gave up the ghost, he said, Truly this man was the Son of God.—Mark 15:39.

Have you ever stopped to think just what it is that attracts us to that lonely figure crucified between two thieves? Even the centurion, hardened by bloody campaigns in the Near East, was caught by the sheer appeal of Jesus and exclaimed, so that it caught the ear of a bystander, "Truly this man was the Son of God."

There is a provocative, sometimes maddening, insistence about Jesus' appeal. It is typical of Him that on the cross His moral ascendancy should claim the allegiance of a dying thief and a Roman centurion. Luke records that multitudes when they beheld the ghostly figure on the gibbet returned smiting their breasts. All human history this side of the cross has been changed by the addition of a new element, the focusing in one radiant personality the fullness of courage and love and redemptive purpose.

What is it about Jesus in His passion that so got hold of the thief and the centurion and the multitudes on the day so long ago? What is this radiance streaming down through history, which perpetually awakens the heroic and the sacrificial in men?

In the first place, the cross of Christ educates us. The trial and death of Jesus was the greatest educational act in history. His pain has made a powerful appeal to the intellect of men. He could have gone to the cities of neighboring states and have been hailed as a prophet and teacher, other towns would have repented long before in sackcloth and ashes; but Jesus returned to the lost sons of the house of Israel, dedicated to lodge in their hearts the teaching of overcoming love, of the Golden Rule, and a new and higher way of life. Men have from the beginning seen in His death no accident but rather a revelation of the inevitable clash between love and hate, between good and evil. This conflict was well known before Jesus, and is exemplified every day in our own times. The willingness of innocent parties to give themselves in service to help solve the perplexities in the life of our own time is a constant and imperfect reflection of what Jesus did in perfection.

The cross educates us. Henry Vaughan sensed this in his appreciation of Jesus suffering on Golgotha:

Lord, when thou didst thyselfe undresse,
Laying by thy robes of glory,
To make us more thou wouldst be lesse,
And becam'st a wofull story.

To put on clouds instead of light,
And cloath the morning-starre with dust,
Was a translation of such height
As, but in thee, was ne'r exprest.

Brave worms and earth! that thus could have
A God enclos'd within your cell,
Your Maker pent up in a grave,
Life lockt in death, heav'n in a shell!

Oh, my deare Lord! what couldst thou spye
In this impure, rebellious clay,
That made thee thus resolve to dye
For those that kill thee every day?

O what strange wonders could thee move
To slight thy precious bloud and breath?
Sure it was love, my Lord; for love
Is only stronger far than death!

Dr. and Mrs. Philip, who are working among the Kikuyu tribes of British East Africa, giving their lives for the disease-infested people of that region, teaching not only academic subjects but hygiene, farming, stock breeding, quarrying, and a dozen useful arts, are capable of being the heads of large schools at comfortable salaries, but they are eager to get back to the jungles and plateaux of Kenya. Recently they sailed home, not first-class on a large ship, or even second-class, but third-class on a tiny vessel, in order to save a few dollars more for medicines and implements. Dr. Erickson, who is head of the Albanian American school, lived last winter in a tiny room in the upper forties in New York City. He was so poor part of the time that he could not put a quarter in the gas machine to get heat and light, but went out and bought a candle for a few cents, saving every penny for the work overseas. In the year directly ahead his boys' agricultural school will show the Albanian mountaineer how to grow two bushels of wheat where one grows to-day. Recently a group of men, who were discussing this intrepid pioneer, registered an inner determination to live a better and more responsible life themselves. These broken lights of Christ's perfect radiance illumine men, light them to higher and nobler planes. The cross is the greatest educational act in history.

Again, Jesus in His passion appeals to the best in our emotions. Even in the burning days of the World War, when men and women were raised to unprecedented heights of nobility, self-sacrifice, and courage, men seeking in poetry and prose to express their highest thoughts turned always to Jesus. The famous lines on "The Comrade in White" and "Christ in Flanders" were typical of a large group of poems in which men in anguish, many for the first time, entered into the fellowship of His sufferings and reached out in love for one who was accustomed to pain and travail.

Years ago, Oscar Wilde in his *Humanitad* turned back to Christ as the object of his strongest emotions:

O smitten mouth, O forehead crowned with thorn!
O chalice of all common miseries!
Thou for our own sakes that loved thee not hast borne
An agony of endless centuries.
And we were vain and ignorant nor knew
That when we stabbed thy heart it was our own best hearts we slew.

We seem always to be touched in our deepest feelings when one goes out to suffer for us. This willingness to pioneer in danger is one of the secrets of leadership which Jesus has shared with those who have carried on in hospital, school, and church in many and great dangers.

Those who have been to Constantinople may remember the enormous building across the Bosporus on the Asia Minor shore, now used as barracks for the Anatolian troops of Mustapha Kemal. This building is the old Crimean War Hospital of Florence Nightingale. During that disastrous campaign, when wounded men were dying like flies before the fortification of Sebastopol when the Light Brigade made its famous charge, this resolute young woman went out alone to nurse the British soldiers. Her methods were not as scientific as those used to-day, but her heroism and self-sacrificing devotion was a language all could understand, and all England was aroused to the needs of wounded men in that bitter situation. Supplies and volunteers poured into the theater of war, not because of any outstanding medical skill which Florence Nightingale displayed but because of her willingness to suffer with stricken men. The heart of civilization was touched, the emotional life of England aroused. Jesus and all who follow Him appeal to the best of an emotional life.

And once again, the cross shames us and stimulates our wills. Our minds may be convinced and our emotions stirred, but unless wills are in action the best purposes may fall to the ground.

Ashley, the great English reformer, in the fastidious days of the 1840's, was constantly speaking about social equality and the right of every man to earn his living under fair living conditions. This was not only an intellectual concept with him, which tickled his emotions, but it was a matter upon which he exercised his will. One day when the Commanding General of Her Majesty's Forces in Ireland was holding a military review outside Dublin Castle, Lord Ashley was to arrive in a state carriage. On the way he met a tired old woman; picking her up, he put her in the carriage and arrived sitting on the box with the coachman. On another occasion, when he was seeking to win decent treatment for the lunatics and insane, who were in that day hired out to any one who would take them, to lives little better than slavery, he recorded in his diary:

Beyond the circle of my own Commissioner, and the lunatics that I visit, not a soul, in great or small life, not even my associates in my works of philanthropy, had any notion of the years of toil and care that, under God, I have bestowed on this melancholy and awful question.

But all the social reproach which he suffered and the insults which he bore brought forth in a later day a response from the best in Britain, who were strengthened in will to carry through further measures for the relief of underprivileged groups.

The cross, wherever it appears in the sufferings of some consecrated man or woman, appeals to the will.

When the bubonic and pneumonic plagues, which had devastated Central Asia for centuries, swept through the Russian and Japanese armies grappling for the possession of Port Arthur in the Korean Peninsula, Chinese doctors and nurses, whose people had suffered grievously at the hands of both Japan and Russia, flocked to the scene to give aid. They gave their lives in twos and threes daily to arrest the pestilence. Medical men and nurses throughout the world were stirred to action. Units sailed from London, Bombay, Singapore, and San Francisco to bring their aid to the medical staff in the field gradually being wiped out by these dread diseases.

Typhus, malaria, smallpox, and yellow fever have claimed the time which would have brought fame and fortune to hundreds of medical men. Cuvier, Boerhaave, Lamarck, Haller, Borden, Bichot, and many others by the sacrifice of health and years of labor have raised up an army of public health workers who were drawn irresistibly to this field by the sheer glory of such service.

Whenever men see life laid down voluntarily and for others, by doctors, nurses, teachers, mothers, fathers, or children, their minds and their hearts and their wills are moved to action.

Christina Rossetti sensed the fascination of the cross in her description of Wednesday in Holy Week:

For Christ
endured to die
In slow unuttered weariness of
pain,
A curse and an astonishment, passed
by,
Pointed at, mocked again
By men for whom He shed His
Blood.

Jesus has continued to come to unwilling hearts as a disturber of their peace, to capture the attention of all who are aware of spiritual values. In his gaunt majesty upon the cross, He was in truth "a curse and an astonishment" to His and to our generation.

XI

The Ministry of Pain

Without the shedding of blood there is no remission.—Hebrews 9:22.

When Renan was at the height of his power, bringing his severest criticisms upon the religious life of his day, poking fun at curious dogmas and shocking many of his religious friends, an old lady wrote a letter to him which contained only these words: "Hell exists."

It was not much of a letter and not a very lengthy message, but behind it was a world of authentic experience. When Dante pictured the *Purgatorio*, gathering up current ideas about punishment and reward in the other world, he was picturing in allegory an abiding experience, the experience of transgression and retribution, of humiliation and redemption. Dante knew that hell exists. When the blind poet, John Milton, in his pain and darkness, pictured *Paradise Lost* and *Paradise Regained*, he was writing out of his own experience. He knew that spiritual security and divine companionship could be lost and that salvation could be gained. He, too, would have agreed with the aged Parisian who wrote to Renan, "Hell exists."

Men look to God in their effort to meet this vast anonymity of frustration, negation, and outbreaking moral chaos which our fathers personified in the devil and attributed to hell. The entail of woe and misery and grief consequent upon human perversity and sin is an ever present thorn in the flesh, but not only has God been conceived by men as a Companion and Lord of Battles, but supremely as a Saviour.

Lent is that special forty days of the year when men prepare their minds to understand and receive the supreme act of His love in permitting Jesus to dramatize for all time the length and depth of the divine compassion on that rocky hill outside Jerusalem on Good Friday. Hell exists, but over against hell stands redemption. Scarred, bloody, fatigued, often despised and rejected and socially outcast, is Jesus, and with Him a company of those who have suffered in the great social and personal tribulations of peoples and nations, characterized by purpose and marked most often with scars and poverty. "Without the shedding of blood, there is no remission"—no remission of social evil, or the consequences of disease, or personal sin. Either we or some one more heroic and dedicated must stand over against life and absorb the shocks and the pain.

Take a field so common to our present-day thought, the arena of social and political life. "Without the shedding of blood there is no remission" in this area.

Within the lifetime of our fathers and mothers, three million people were held in slavery in the South. All through the North abolitionist feeling grew up because of slave auctions, where people saw humans trotted up and down like horses and stood on a block and sold. "The greatest orator I ever heard," said John Randolph, "was a woman. She was a slave. She was a mother, and her rostrum was the auction block." The chastisement of the peace of millions is hard on the backs of people like this black woman who placed before the world the unanswerable accusation which innocent suffering brings. Without the shedding of blood there was no remission of slavery.

Or, take the whole problem of ignorance and the public school system which exists in this country and most of the lands of Western Europe. That, too, was bought with an enormous price. Charles Dickens gives an account of one of the "ragged" schools of his day, known as Jack Ketch's Warren, from the large number of persons hanged at Newgate who were born and bred in this pestilential district.

> It was held in a low-roofed den, in a sickening atmosphere, in the midst of taint and dirt and pestilence; with all the deadly sins let loose, howling and shrieking at the doors. Zeal did not supply the place of method and training; the teachers knew little of their office; the pupils, with an evil sharpness, found them out, got the better of them, derided them, made blasphemous answers to Scriptural questions, sang, fought, danced, robbed each other—seemed possessed by legions of devils. The place was stormed and carried, over and over again; the lights were blown out, the books strewn in the gutters, and the female scholars carried off triumphantly to their old wickedness. With no strength in it but its own purpose, the school stood it all out, and

made its way. Some two years since I found it quiet and orderly, full, lighted with gas, well whitewashed, numerously attended, and thoroughly established.

It was against the opposition of many of the most influential citizens that such horrors were gradually improved into the magnificent schools of our day. Without the pouring out of life, slavery and ignorance would go unhealed.

J. R. Stephens, a Wesleyan minister, and G. S. Bull, Vicar of Bierly, arose in the first half of the last century to struggle for reform in the man-killing factories of Yorkshire. For his efforts in behalf of the Ten-Hour Bill, Stephens was sentenced to eighteen months' imprisonment. Oastler, another champion of oppressed men and women in the factories of that day, found his way into Fleet Prison. These men were seeking to release children who began to work in the pitch darkness of coal mines underground when they were five years old and labored from six in the morning to eight at night. For them Stephens and Oastler served time in prison, but by their stripes and imprisonment a social order was healed of terrible abuse. The chastisement due to corrupt and greedy manufacturers was laid upon their willing backs and minds. During this period Lord Brougham had stood up in Parliament and condemned the reform bills as "contrary to the order of Nature and of Providence," calling Shaftesbury, Stephens, Oastler and others fighting for a decent economic order "the advocates of a misplaced and perverted humanity." It was not difficult for these men to see that without the giving of personality and of work and of political and social prestige, there was no remission of debasing toil for millions in England, Scotland, and Ireland.

Or, take another field rich in illustration, the field of modern medicine. This summer when Dr. W. E. Gye of the Imperial Cancer Research Laboratories was seeking to prove his theory that cancer was caused by a germ too small to be caught with the microscope, he asked for volunteers to be inoculated with the virus, and scores of medical men of London immediately came forward, of whom six were selected for the test.

Recently Dr. Howard Maxwell Lefroy was suffocated in extreme agony in his workshop in London while experimenting with an antidote for a deadly war gas called Lewisite.

A little over thirty years ago the X-ray was discovered. In their eagerness to find the medical value of this extraordinary new device, over three hundred doctors and experimenters, especially surgeons specializing in cancer research, have given their lives, most of them in extended suffering from unhealable burns. A recent Boston paper bore a notice that Dr. James A. Day, an American X-ray pioneer, was in the Massachusetts General Hospital, fighting for his life against a six-year spread of infection due to overexposure. He had undergone six painful operations, with his right arm amputated and three fingers of his left hand. Dr. J. Bergonie of Bordeaux, France, was one of the most distinguished X-ray martyrs. He was a specialist, and during the World War he invented a vibrator to restore health to men whose nerves were shattered, and also a magnet to withdraw shell splinters from wounds. His right arm became infected with malignant ulcers and was amputated. Then his left arm became involved. In the midst of his suffering he continued work in the hospitals as Roentgenologist until his death, when the whole of the French press mourned for a day one of the most illustrious of war heroes. Marshal Petain came to the dead man's side and in the name of the French Republic pinned on his breast the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honor.

Radium experiments have also claimed their martyrs. On the day following the death of Dr. Bergonie, the French journals announced the death of Dr. Demenitroux from cancer contracted during radium experiments. With that disease Mme. Curie, who, with her husband, is the great pioneer and discoverer in the field of radium, Beguerel, Dr. Charles Vaillant, Dr. Eugene Caldwell of New York City, and many others, have been permanently crippled in health or killed by their labors with this dangerous element.

A Hungarian artist has pictured the silent drama which a doctor or a surgeon faces when struggling against disease—a parable of God's redemptive will going out through the world to save at great cost—but to save. By their stripes we are healed.

Disfigured?—Nay, transfigured utterly,
Since every wound a sign is that in thee
God hath appeared:—bound thee, and set thee free
Crowned with His blossoms, everlastingly!
—Blossoms wine-red and thorned, that tremblingly

Broke into flower, from a self-raised tree.

. . . . .

Lame—blind—deaf?—Nay, loved one, for to me
Thou art made whole: beautiful utterly!
To Thee,—for whom the song bird vainly sings
Is granted audience of unuttered things.
—For our dull ears too vast a symphony.
To thy numbed senses, and brave, blinded eyes,
Come visions plumed with gold of Paradise!

Without the shedding of blood there has been no remission of disease.

Or, take one more field in which redemption comes in power, the field of personal guilt. Like Lady Macbeth, we look upon our stained and blackened hands and cry out: ". . . will these hands ne'er be clean . . . all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand."

The sweetening and wiping-out process is not an easy one. Æschylus, who was one of the first great writers to see the inexorableness and grandeur of the moral order, incarnates in his figure Orestes an example of a man stopping the chain of causation and the evil effects of sin by interposing a clean heart and a right mind to take on himself the shocks of doom. In his great trilogy, *Agamemnon*, *Chæphoræ*, and the *Eumen-*

ides, he uses a story of sin and its entail as a superb vehicle to point the results of transgression and the method of stopping the disastrous consequences. Afflictions follow a disturbed moral order to chasten and discipline men:

'Tis Zeus alone who shows the perfect way
    Of knowledge, He hath ruled
Men shall learn wisdom, by affliction schooled,
    In visions of the night, like dropping rain,
Descend the many memories of pain
    Before the spirit's sight: through tears and
        dole
Comes wisdom o'er the unwitting soul—
    A boon, I wot, of all Divinity,
That holds its sacred throne in strength, above
    the sky.

This passage is reminiscent of Ezekiel 18: 14—"the soul that sinneth, it shall die."

Æschylus saw the bitterness of sin in its social aspects and in Orestes he was seeking to allay the confusion caused by hereditary sin. The chorus of Libation Pourers sing:

Alas, the inborn curse that haunts our house,
Of Ate's blood-stained scourge the tuneless sound!
Alas, the deep, insufferable doom,
    The staunchless wound!

But the "staunchless wound" is stayed when Orestes with clean hands comes forward and by his moral will overcomes evil with good. There is never any reason for such voluntary suffering save the greatest reason of all—love.

In another Greek tragedy, penned four hundred years before Christ, Prometheus is bound to the rocks because of his defiance to Zeus, and Hermes says to him:

> Do not look
> For any end moreover to this curse,
> Or ere some god appear to accept thy pangs
> On his own head vicarious, and descend
> With unreluctant step the darks of hell
> And gloomy abysses round Tartarus.

Without the laying down of body and mind and heart in self-forgetful love, there is no sweetening of that bitterness caused by sin which creeps in to destroy the beauty and the charm of life.

Here is the bitter word spoken in haste, but yonder is a heart bruised by it. Here is a good mind used for sharp criticism and the exercise of power; yonder is the life arrested and stunted, writhing in a sense of unworthiness, and because of it. Here is a superior capacity to earn, or create, used for personal gain alone; yonder are lives in poverty and humiliation for the lack of brotherly love and trust. Whenever pain is suffered voluntarily and for others it causes men to turn like the thief on the cross to say, "Lord, remember me."

In the field of personal guilt, as with disease and politics and education, the blot on life can be wiped out only by the outpouring of life in love that others will be arrested, and shamed, and illuminated, and finally led to a new dedication of life to the Lord of Life. Not by might nor by power, but by the charm and persuasiveness of willing and consecrated personalities, crushed and scarred by pain willingly borne, do men come forth out of the beggarly old life into the new and abundant hope.

Do you recall that flash of insight which went right through to Calvary, set down by Francis Thompson in his *Veteran of Heaven*, a flash of insight which revealed the secret of the cross?

O Captain of the wars, whence won Ye so great
    scars?
In what fight did Ye smite, and what manner was
    the foe?

Was it on a day of rout they compassed Thee
about,
Or got Ye these adornings when Ye wrought their
overthrow?

'Twas on a day of rout they girded Me about,
They wounded all My brow, and they smote Me
through the side:
My hand held no sword when I met their armèd
horde,
And the Conqueror fell down, and the Conquered
bruised his pride!

XII

Loneliness

What, could ye not watch with me one hour?—Matthew 26:40.

Carved upon a memorial stone to a Confederate leader in Charleston, South Carolina, are these words:

The Hour of Conflict,
    The Day of Defeat,
The Years of Oppression
Brought to his Courage
    No Slackness;
And to his Loyal Service
    No Abatement.

Here was one who watched the growing hope of the Confederacy, who believed with his whole soul in states' rights, who saw the war cloud gather and break at Sumter, Manassas and Bull Run, who beheld the Blue and Gray grapple at Gettysburg and Lookout Mountain, and realized the tragedy of a lost cause after Appomattox

Court House, but for whom the day of defeat and the years of oppression brought no slackness of courage and no abatement of loyal service. No such words could have been written of the steadfastness of Jesus' friends at Gethsemane, for the day of defeat found them sleeping, the year of oppression brought slackness, and crises caused their erstwhile loyal service to be abated. Jesus found Himself in solitude, with no human hand or voice to assist Him in the supreme moment of human history.

Of all the practical idealists whom the race has produced, Jesus was the loneliest. In nearly all the crises of His life He was either entirely by Himself or accompanied by one or two close comrades. In the Temptation He was in solitude; at the Mount of Transfiguration only three intimates were with Him; at the time of His severest humiliation all His friends slept or deserted Him.

After His entry through the Gate Beautiful, when He was hailed as One who should come in the name of the Lord, events moved rapidly to a climax. He may have had a hope that the people would rally to Him as the Prince who should redeem Israel, but if he did have such a hope it was soon dissipated. All the forces of entrenched and bigoted organization of the clerical element, the hostility of Roman imperialism, the malice of the sinful and self-complacent priests, the self-righteousness and cruelty of the crowd, had all been against this lonely figure. His generation could not bear to criticize itself and hated Him for the disorganizing and fermenting power of His judgments upon it. As the fires of criticism and hostility were heaped higher, His followers became fewer, until at the final struggle in the Garden, a drama in which there was given into the hands of the human Jesus the cosmic moral struggle between self-expression and self-dedication, between life lived by human standards and commitment of life to the Lord of Life—until, in this paroxysm of agony, He was utterly alone.

Why did not His friends stay by Him in the supreme moment?

First, because the will power of His friends gave way in the crisis. They had not counted on so long or so hard a road. There were reproach and hazards of which they had never dreamed in those evenings by the Sea of Galilee, when the sun was all a glory of red and yellow over the Judean hills. Although will power is not as strong as subtle instinctive forces within us, nevertheless there are times when only iron restraint can save us. General Gordon, who met his death in the Soudan beneath the spears of the Mahdi, was once led to a room full of treasure and told by high Chinese officials that this treasure would be his if he would countenance certain dishonorable practices. Iron will developed in desert marches, in fighting disease and in upholding the Empire's honor in three continents, came forward to save him and gave him power to refuse. There are unexpected tests, crises for which no one is prepared, temptations for which no one has developed a specific defense; and when the rush of circumstances is upon one, all one can do is to fall back in determination upon a former dedication and pray for strength to hold fast.

Among the annals of those who have suffered to increase the cosmic knowledge of our generation, few stand out with more luminosity than that of Robert E. Peary, for sheer dogged determination. From 1889 until 1909 he faced the darkness and cold of the Arctic until his efforts to reach the Pole were crowned with success.

On one desperate enterprise he wrote that he lay in his small tent and listened to the "infernal driving of the snow against the paper thin walls, knowing that the demoniac white downpour was destroying the last chance of finding my caches, and destroying all the work of the previous year on which I had counted so largely to assist me the next spring." The gale continued to sweep over the polar ice cap. "After three days of it," wrote Peary, "I could not sleep. Plans for the future failed me. Interest in anything refused to be aroused; thoughts of wife and blue-eyed baby, of mother, pictures of boyhood, happy scenes and memories, before this devil of Arctic exploration took possession of me, rose and ranged themselves opposite the precious hours of my life being wasted, the sacrifices of me and mine, all perhaps to end in naught, till it seemed as if with this, the unceasing hissing of the wind and snow, I should lose my reason. Sunday evening especially I thought of dear brown eyes and blue baby eyes until I could stand it no longer, and by brute force turned my thoughts elsewhere." Starting for the camp on June 1, 1895, with nine dogs, Peary wrote on June 10th in his diary: "Another dog falls exhausted. This leaves us six." Within fifty miles of safety the last dog fell exhausted but finally struggled in.

On the next terrible trip north to Conger, Peary recorded: "At midnight on January 6th we were stumbling through the dilapidated door of Fort Conger. A little remaining oil enabled us by the light of our sledge cooker to find the old range and the stove; and, after some difficulty, fires were started in both. A suspicious 'wooden' feeling in the right foot led me to have my kamiks pulled off. I found, to my annoyance, that both feet were frosted." The intrepid leader lost eight toes and suffered excruciating agony tramping over the ice with the bleeding stumps paining him at every step. This was the man who at fifty-two years of age, after twenty years of unremitting toil, finally reached the North Pole with his faithful Negro Henson because he was determined to give himself to the work he felt guided to perform.

There was no such determination in Jesus' disciples in that last week. When they contemplated the loss, the separation from loved ones, the danger to life and limb, the hazard of having all wasted and forgotten, they withdrew one by one. They lacked the will power to remain with Jesus, and they left Him, a lonely, suffering figure, in the day of His tribulation.

Again, Jesus was lonely because even His closest friends were unable to share His dreams. Although Cecil Rhodes may be blamed for a crass and material imperialism, his steadfastness in holding to a dream of a united South Africa under the British flag is one of the outstanding dreams of Empire of the last century. Down at the Kimberley Club, as his intimates grouped about him at night, he was wont to take down a great map of Africa and placing his hands on the territory beyond Cape Colony up to the central lakes he would exclaim: "All that shall be red; that is my dream." And through long years of fragile health and immense difficulty he held to this dream, which was finally realized.

Jesus' friends had failed to appropriate for themselves His vision; there was no set to their minds to carry them onward in the midst of the gathering storm, and they slumbered and slept, insensitive to the immense significance of that night in the life of Jesus, that human and divine friend who had eaten and slept and worked with them on all the highways and byways of Palestine. They did not realize that for the sake of His dream of a new era in human existence Jesus committed His all, and God's all, to a farcical trial and a savage crucifixion as the utmost which love could do in redeeming men. The sheer unthinking dullness, the unresponsiveness, and the inability of His friends to use their imagination, hurt Jesus more than all else. It was a time for great faith and great friendship, and Jesus received vacillating indifference.

But His disciples did not lose the battle that night; they had lost it long before. Their action on the fatal evening had been prepared for in the previous weeks. What we think to-day we shall do to-morrow; what we are at twenty we are apt to be at forty, only more so. Weeks of spiritual slackness, even if in the presence of Christ, had made easy their action on Jesus' night of agony. They were unable to conceive or hold a dream under circumstances.

For many years Michael Pupin, the head of the National Research Council and the inventor of numerous electrical devices, worked as a helper in the New England Cracker Factory, off the Bowery. Finally the chance came to emerge, and because he had kept his dreams and had prepared by self-dedication to hard work he was able to grasp the shining rewards which life held for him. A poverty-stricken peasant boy from the Banat district of Serbia, he had landed at Castle Garden, and after a brilliant career at Columbia as a student he finally returned as a professor and has become one of the world's great teachers. He did not win his prizes or construct his inventions overnight; every hour of low-paid toil, every hour of study by a coal-oil lamp when his body craved sleep, went into those inventions, because he never lost his purpose.

The friends whom Jesus took with Him to the Garden of Gethsemane were not the worst friends He had, but the best. They had not intended to forsake or to sleep; they did it because it was the habitual, customary way of life with them. They did on the night of Jesus' agony what they had done before. They ate and drank in His presence, and He taught in their streets, but they never really knew the heights and depths of Him and the courage and magnificence of His vision until He had experienced the cross.

It is no easy matter to keep a dream undimmed when trouble comes,—

To hope till hope creates from its own wreck
The thing it contemplates.

To believe in a cause when it is under foot and trampled upon, to cherish an ideal of a world state when it is defeated by the largest majority against any issue in the history of mankind, to follow Christ closely when He is alone in the Garden, Himself dismayed perhaps, sweating great drops of blood and grappling with the issues of life and death. Little did this sleepy group know that later generations would frame the prayer,

By thine agony and bloody sweat,
Good Lord, deliver us.

The supreme crisis in human history was approaching; the greatest single manifestation of God's outreaching love was about to be set forth, but this insensitive group was unable to keep vividly before them the dream of the Kingdom which Christ had come to establish.

Not only did their wills and their dreams give out, but also their belief. They had lost faith in themselves and left Jesus alone without their presence. Self-confidence is one of life's rarest treasures. Psychiatrists are treating people by the hundred for inferiority complexes. Many of us develop a sense of inadequacy; we feel that we are useless to the world and to God. We cannot somehow feel that we are worth anything. Jesus offers the world a conception of human personality which says to each, "you are precious, you are valuable, you are loved." He had an amazing combination of complete self-confidence linked with an immense humility. All great souls possess this paradoxical combination to a marked degree. But on this ghastly night these men, who could have meant so much by their mere companionship, had no faith in themselves.

When Eleanor H. Porter sent her story, *Pollyanna*, in which she believed, to the *American Magazine*, it was curtly refused. For about two years she mailed it to various editors and finally it was bought by the *Christian Herald* for five hundred dollars, which were the first of many thousands of dollars which it was to earn for its author. She knew she had a story of value for human hearts. Jesus' sleepy friends had lost sight of what they had to offer, what they had of confidence and friendship to give Him in His hour of tribulation. They did not believe sufficiently in their own value to keep awake. Now there are many who feel they have nothing to offer, but they have just what some heart needs in its hour of desperate loneliness.

Kathleen Norris said a brave thing about her husband and herself before they were famous authors, when they were raising a family on twenty-five dollars a week in the upper sixties on the East side of New York. She remarked: "We were broke but not poor." How many of us are financially pressed at times, how many must scrape and save to make ends meet, broke but not poor! We have riches to give, riches of understanding, riches of insight, wealth of responsiveness, treasures of love and affection. These are the chief values of life; they are what Jesus wanted most on that night of lonely watching, and not one to give the human appreciation He needed. They are what your family, your life-mate, yourself needs most, and you have those precious treasures within you. Broke but not poor! We must believe in ourselves in order to help God. The Son of God is lonely now as He was in Gethsemane for responsive human hearts.

And we must believe in Jesus. Do you recall how once He said to His companions, "Ye believe in God, believe also in me"? No one ever faced death more gallantly. Do you recall those lines of Browning which could be used so appropriately of Jesus in the Garden?

Fear death?—to feel the fog in my throat,
    The mist in my face,
When the snows begin, and the blasts denote
    I am nearing the place.
The power of the night, the press of the storm,
    The post of the foe;
Where he stands, the Arch Fear in a visible form,
    Yet the strong man must go;
For the journey is done and the summit attained
    And barriers fall,
Though a battle's to fight ere the guerdon be
        gained,
    The reward of it all.
I was ever a fighter, so—one fight more, the best
        and the last.

Every crisis reveals men—death as well as any other. The crisis of the Great War showed men what sort of men they were. Those who had no inner discipline, no personal integrity of soul, went to pieces. Those who were responsive were responsive still, those who were insensitive were insensitive still. Jesus was revealed that night in

His capacity to suffer the uttermost alone. Sheared away from human companionship, Jesus found alone with the Father His true source of fortitude. These human lesser means of support could have been immeasurable boon to Him; but they were not, as He so well knew, the everlasting arms. Life causes many to stand alone against the storm, and it would be strange if the Lord of Life had not experienced here that grueling emotion. He has pioneered in the thorny way of lonely dedication.

In the 1623 folio of Shakespeare printed by the Elizabethan printer Jaggard, there is a manuscript inscription saying of the old craftsman: "Nothing in his life became him like leaving it. He died as one that had been studied in his death. To throw away the dearest things he own'd, as 'twere a careless trifle." There was a bit of that carelessness, in a high sense, about Jesus. He withheld nothing. He, like all great adventurers, followed the path of loneliness and danger to the end, unafraid. When Paul was speaking to his friends about Christ he could use no more proper language: "You asked for a boon a murderer, and you killed the pioneer of life."

Jesus explored the way of faith, the way of imagination, and the way of death. He appropriated what they had for human hearts.

He asks men to give their wills, their dreams, their faith, to Him. He promises in return, not ease or comfort, but perchance the promise to Garibaldi's Red Shirts, "forced marches, battles, and death," but in the end that spiritual victory which shall overcome the crassness and brutality of the world.

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